

THE
CRITICAL REVIEW.

SERIES THE THIRD.

Vol. XVII.

JULY, 1809.

No. III.

ART. I.—*Observations on the historical Work of the late Right Honorable Charles James Fox. By the Right Honorable George Rose. With a Narrative of the Events which occurred in the Enterprize of the Earl of Argyle, in 1685, by Sir Patrick Hume. 4to. Cadell and Davies. 1809.*

MR. Rose informs us, in his preface, that he has a two-fold object in his present publication. On the one hand, he is actuated by gratitude and friendship; on the other, he is inflamed by loyalty and patriotism. In relating the events of Argyle's expedition, he thinks that Mr. Fox has reflected unjustly on the character of Sir Patrick Hume, the ancestor of Mr. Rose's patron and friend, the last earl of Marchmont; and being possessed, among the Marchmont papers, of Sir Patrick's own narrative of this expedition, he has thought it due to his character to make that document public. We shall never be disposed to find fault with any cause, which introduces us to the knowledge of original, historical information, however unimportant the period illustrated, or however uninteresting the facts detailed; still less can we censure motives so respectable, as those for which the editor of this MS. gives himself credit: but we may be permitted to doubt whether his jealousy of the reputation of Sir Patrick has not taken unnecessary alarm, and whether his romantic chivalry has not, in this instance, impelled him to a field, where there is no enemy to encounter.

The greater part of our historians concur in ascribing the failure of Argyle's enterprise to the overbearing obstinacy of his character: but in rendering justice to the unquestionably great and amiable qualities of the earl, Mr. Fox has been led to imagine that this charge may have been rashly

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made, and perhaps too easily adopted. On considering the various plans of operation, on which this little army of invaders might have proceeded, he often prefers the proposal of their leader, to the scheme ultimately embraced by the council and attributes some part of the disastrous event to the divisions and want of confidence that unfortunately prevailed among those who were embarked in the same cause. That such divisions did prevail to a great extent, even from the first formation of the design in Holland, is clear from Sir Patrick's narrative: whether they were the result of a too imperious assumption of authority in Argyle, or of an unreasonable impatience of it in his followers, probably no existing records will enable us to determine; but it seems extraordinary and most unfortunate, that men so essentially at variance should risk a great public principle by their premature and ill-digested union in support of it. In such cases, the fault is almost always mutual; and we conjecture that Hume's complaints of Argyle's imperious behaviour, and Argyle's accusations of Hume for faction and unnecessary differences, are equally well founded. Sir John Cochrane, however, appears to be unjustly comprehended in Mr. Fox's censure, being always blamed by Sir Patrick for his constant compliance with the wishes of Argyle; but the mistake is easily explained, as his son was no less determined in his opposition to them.

This proneness to dissent from his leader, exemplified at the outset of their expedition, continuing through the whole progress of it, concluding in a separation under the influence of misapprehension and disgust, and equally evinced by Woodrow and Sir Patrick, is the only part of that worthy knight's conduct, animadverted on by Mr. Fox. The circumstances of this final separation, however, are placed in a new light, by the narrative now published: for, while Mr. Fox relates from Woodrow that Sir Patrick deserted Argyle, and 'would not even stay to reason the matter with him,' it is stated by Sir Patrick himself, that Argyle had secretly withdrawn from his army, and escaped to his own country, leaving them to cross the Clyde, and pursue their intended route to Glasgow. On this striking difference of statement, so important towards the justification of Sir Patrick Hume, and the only fact in the narratives that is of much importance, not a word is said by Mr. Rose.

The censure so naturally thrown out by Argyle, after his capture, against the partizans who had deserted him, (p. 197, 198, of Mr. Fox's work) are evidently neither adopted by Mr. Fox, nor applied by him in his history to any of the individuals concerned. His opinion is indeed stated

in a note by the editor, that where Argyle writes " — and —" were indeed the greatest cause of our rout," the blanks should be filled with the names of *Hume* and *Cochrane*; an opinion, which we are satisfied the illustrious historian would not have maintained, if he had been indulged with an opportunity of examining this MS., which does not appear to have been ever offered, nor its existence known to him. The conjecture hazarded by Lord Holland respecting the third blank, appears to us preposterous; and we, for our own part, are strongly inclined to suspect that Argyle glanced at classes or descriptions of his countrymen, not at individuals. It is clear, however, that Mr. Fox acquits Sir Patrick Hume of all unworthy motives, for he defends the suspected honesty and sincerity of Sir John Cochrane, by observing that "he always acted in conjunction with Sir Patrick Hume, who is proved by the subsequent events, and indeed by the whole tenor of his life and conduct, to have been uniformly sincere and zealous in the cause of his country."

Thus vindicated by the pen of Fox, it may be thought that the memory of this Scottish patriot hardly required the eulogies and apologies of the right honorable George Rose, to whom, however unnecessary his own observations on this subject, we must express our gratitude for making the memoir public. We are still more indebted to him for the Lady Murray's narrative of Sir Patrick's concealment before his flight to Holland. This lady was his granddaughter by the mother's side; and her mother was married to the son of the celebrated patriot, Baillie of Jerviswood, with whom she became acquainted, by acting as ambassadress from Hume, at his country seat, to Baillie, while imprisoned in the Tolbooth at Edinburgh. It is with great regret that we find ourselves compelled to decline the pleasing task of laying before our readers some highly interesting details as to the friendship of these excellent men and steady friends of liberty.

The defence of Sir Patrick Hume was Mr. Rose's primary object; but, in the course of his inquiries, a secondary one of much greater importance presented itself to his mind. 'I obey, more immediately,' he says, 'the impulse of private friendship; but I am not entirely without a hope, that I may at the same time render some small service to my country.'—'I was led to suspect the accuracy of Mr. Fox's statements, and the justness of his reflections. With perfect rectitude and impartiality of intention, a man in a particular political situation can hardly form impartial opinions.'—'Mr. Fox's habits and political contests were also

unfavorable to historical impartiality. *A man* accustomed to debate is too often apt to argue more for victory than conviction, and to look more to the advantage or fame of defeating his adversary than to the justice of the cause for which he fights,' &c. 'Mr. Hume's prejudices were those of system, not of *party*;' and though Mr. Rose has the astonishing candor to admit that Mr. Fox has 'not *intentionally* stated *false facts*,' he throws out some general reflections on the duty of an historian, to employ the utmost accuracy, care, and industry, about his assertions. In fine, Mr. Rose concludes his 'Observations,' with remarking that 'history cannot *connect itself with party*, without departing from its name, without departing from the *truth*, the dignity, and the usefulness of its *functions*.' And for these reasons the supposed 'defects and errors of Mr. Fox's historical work, have been unfolded with an *impartial*, but it is hoped with a cautious and no *indelicate* hand.'

Without stopping to inquire what possible party motive could have biassed the mind of Mr. Fox in judging on the subjects discussed by him; or how his political doctrines could have become the basis of his party feelings, but by means of a previously formed opinion of their truth; let us admire the calm and confiding self-complacency with which this right honorable critic claims the praise of perfect impartiality, which he denies to the object of his criticism. The leader of a political body composed of the most illustrious families in the country, and united by a great public principle is to be stigmatized as the slave of party prejudice, not only in the tumult of public contention, but in his hours of studious retirement: the obsequious follower of the ministry, a well drilled private, or possibly a non-commissioned officer in the regular army of parliamentary majorities, one who never voted against men in power, unless the crown were known to entertain a secret hostility against them,—such a person is at liberty to declaim on the mischiefs of party-bias, and boast of an entire exemption from it. Mr. Rose will see at once that our description cannot possibly allude to him; but we take the opportunity of protesting against a style of observation that is becoming as general, as if there were only one party in the state.

But we have little room for preliminary matter, and shall proceed at once to estimate the service rendered by Mr. Rose to his country, in exposing the errors and defects of her most illustrious statesman. His first specimen is given at p. 9 of the preface, as a glaring example of the leading fault imputed.

“The turn which Mr. Fox has given to the opinion of Lord Halifax, on a question at that time occurring with regard to the management of the American colonies, is a *curious* instance of the bent of his mind to apply every historical incident to those political principles which he had maintained in parliament. So much is he *blinded* by this propensity that, in quoting a letter from Barillon giving an account of the discourse of Lord Halifax, he mistranslates (certainly without intention) the passage in that letter applicable to the doctrine which Lord Halifax maintains. The tory ministers, he says, “maintained that his majesty could and ought to govern countries so distant, in the manner that should appear to him most suitable for preserving or augmenting the strength and riches of the mother country ;” *whereas* it will be found, on referring to the letters, page 8 of the appendix of Mr. Fox's work, that the words “*le pays*,” mean the colony and not the mother country. The words are, “*Il soutinrent : que sa Majesté Britannique pouvoit, et devoit, gouverner des pays si éloigné, de l'Angleterre en la manière qui lui paroîtroit la plus convenable pour maintenir le pays en l'état auquel il est ; et pour en augmenter encore les forces et la richesse.*”

Mr. Rose's *whereas* appears to us unfounded. We think that *le pays* means the mother country, and not the colony, for this plain grammatical reason, that Barillon has immediately before spoken of colonies in the plural number. It is impossible to make *le pays* refer to *des pays si éloignés*. But even if this were a mistake in the translation, we cannot consider it as so decisive a proof of the party prejudice inferred from it, because that particular phrase has in effect nothing to do with the question discussed by Halifax, and the other ministers. That question was not whether in governing the colony the interest of the mother country was alone intitled to consideration ; but whether the former was to be governed according to the laws and usages established in the latter, or according to the will and pleasure of the king alone. A single reperusal of the passage above quoted will make this too evident to require elucidation : and the subsequent remarks of Mr. Fox must dissipate every shadow of doubt.

As Mr. Rose is but young in the business of reviewing, he will perhaps not be offended at our assuming the privilege of long experience, and offering him a little friendly advice. We would suggest to him that it is not considered as quite a fair practice in our profession to treat any man's letters to his friends in the same manner as his matured compositions, and that neither private and confidential letters, nor deliberate works, ought to be misrepresented. At p. xii. we meet with the following deduction from Mr. Fox's letter to Mr. Laing, printed at p. xix. of Lord Holland's preface.

' Mr. Fox seems to have started with a prejudice against some other historians, (besides Hume,) from a general idea of their *toryism*, but omits to adduce reasons for such indiscriminate censure on them. Some of their works he appears not to have read, characterizing authors, without distinction, under one general description, whose principles of historical discussion seem to be entirely opposite. Hume and Macpherson (the last probably from his name) have been supposed to be *tories*; Dalrymple is of a family remarkable for whig principles, though the conviction of discovery, as he professed, or the pride of it, led him to dispute the honor and public virtue of Sidney, and Lord Russel; and Somerville was *professedly* a zealous whig historian, with all the enthusiasm which early political and religious education could inspire in a presbyterian clergyman.'

In the next paragraph, the sarcasm is still more lively and poignant:

' Mr. Fox was remarkable for a most excellent natural memory; but it seems evident that, if he ever read Somerville's history, he must have *strangely forgotten* what he met with in it, to have classed him with Hume and other prerogative writers.'

In these sentences, a distinct charge is brought against Mr. Fox, of unjustly and ignorantly abusing works which he never read; and of confounding characters the most easily distinguished. His unfavourable opinion is also described as a *prejudice* with which he started, not as a conviction flowing from his inquiries, and all this is founded on his supposed classification of the writers enumerated as *tories*, when in fact he never did so class them, nor even employ a single phrase in the letter in question imputing *toryism* to any of them except Hume. After paying some just compliments to Mr. Laing's History of Scotland, he speaks of the probable good effects of that work in counteracting "the mischief which Hume, Macpherson, Dalrymple, Somerville, and others of *your countrymen* have done." Obviously the only classification of them is in their character of Scotchmen; and the only effect of Mr. Rose's censure is to apprise us of the degree of delicacy, fairness, and acuteness, with which his researches are conducted.

The introduction proceeds to quote a long extract from "Mr. Rose's report of the public records," and after observing that an investigation of early authorities on the formation of our constitution is of no importance, enters into a pretty full account of some of its leading features from the earliest times. It also states that Mr. Rose forty years ago translated a history of Poland, 'the manuscript of which (the translation, we presume, but the *history* is referred to,) his majesty at the time did him the honor to accept, and

it is probably still in his majesty's library; and moreover that he had thoughts of writing a history of England on the same plan. He goes on to record, in a desultory manner, some of the intrigues carried on after the revolution between the whigs and the exiled royal family; declares that *his own opposition to Mr. Fox* was entirely on public grounds; and concludes with asserting that he has not employed more weeks in writing these observations, than Mr. Fox did years in the composition of his historical work.

'Accustomed as I have been,' says Mr. Rose, 'to official accuracy in statement, I thought I perceived,' (i.e. in the historical work here examined), 'facts sometimes mistaken or mis-stated, and deductions formed on very insufficient grounds.' In official experience, Mr. Rose is indeed far superior not only to the excluded patriot, but perhaps to any man living; though well aware that the possession of places can work astonishing transformations, in the faculties of men, we really did not know that accuracy of statement was among the most prominent virtues attached to office. If it be, London Gazettes, epistles to the lord mayor, ministerial speeches in the House of Commons, and even returns of papers and accounts, have long laboured under the most injurious suspicions. But our anxiety to ascertain the truth of historical facts will induce our particular attention to all Mr. Rose's statements: while we must desire to be excused, if we deem his political opinions as somewhat less important objects of our solicitude.

On this principle we pass over Mr. Rose's sentiments on the non-intelligibility of Mr. Fox's distribution of his work, though we give him full credit for their sincerity. Nor shall we discuss his opinions on the comparative violence exhibited in the executions of Strafford and of Charles the first. For the former, and the bill of attainder which produced it, a *precedent* may be discovered,—a convenient and all-sufficient justification. In his notice of our great historian's qualified and rational statement of the palliative circumstances attending the latter, he bursts out in a fine strain of triumphant irony.—'How would he have found language sufficiently *commendatory* to express his admiration of the magnanimity of those who brought Louis the sixteenth to an open trial?' &c. Those who compare the original passage with these exulting comments, will be tempted to doubt the truth of an old proverb, which assigns the preference to a certain living animal, which shall be nameless, over a dead lion.

The character of general Monk, at once brutal, corrupt, and perfidious, would naturally be contemplated by the

noble and ingenuous mind of Fox, in a point of view very different from that of the professed indiscriminate worshippers of royalty. From the host of infamous particulars that compose the history of this tenfold traitor, he selected only two,—his acquiescence ‘in the insults so meanly put upon the illustrious corpse of Blake,’ and his production of confidential letters received by him from Argyle, as evidence against that nobleman on his trial. Both the charges are controverted in these observations. As to the body of Blake it was not insulted at all,—only dug up after the restoration, removed from its burying-place, and then ‘*with great decency re-interred in St. Margaret’s church-yard.*’ The mouldering remains of Cromwell, Ireton, and others were indeed hanged at Tyburn, and buried under the gallows; these were the most intimate friends and the brethren in arms of Monk, whom yet we do not much blame for an acquiescence, then become unavoidable, as his resistance would have been unavailing, after an unconditional restoration of the monarchy, but whose memory deserves to be branded with indelible disgrace, for not previously stipulating for the protection of his benefactors from so savage and revolting an outrage.

Whether Monk did, or did not betray confidential letters addressed to him by the marquis of Argyle, is a question which we have examined with much anxiety, and on which we have entertained considerable doubt. But on the whole, though it is very singular that this base act should be left unnoticed by some contemporary writers, we should think it entitled to full credence, even if it rested, as it does not, on the credit of bishop Burnet alone. It is idle on such an occasion to rake up the forgotten abuse poured out on the reverend historian by the Tories of his own day, whether peers or commoners, who were at least as much heated as himself by party prejudices, and equally interested to deceive. Some of his stories are certainly questionable, and he fairly apprizes us that he had them only from hearsay: but here he gives a circumstantial and probable account of what he was likely to know from the best authority, that of his uncle Johnston of Wariston, the intimate friend of Argyle. That nobleman protected himself against a charge of treason, by pleading that his compliance was involuntary, when the whole Scottish nation submitted to the commonwealth and to Cromwell. Burnet says that his defence was so forcible that it was doubtful how the case would be decided, when Monk turned the scale against him, by producing some of the prisoner’s own letters, which proved him not merely luke warm, and acquiescent, but zealous and hearty in the cause.

Now it is certain in the first place that the process was begun in January, and not concluded till May: evidently then there was some stop in the proceedings, and it is extremely probable that the pause was occasioned by the satisfactory nature of the marquis's defence, and the demand of the parliament, for fresh proofs against him to authorise them in convicting him of a crime, in which they had all participated. But Mr. Rose has searched the rolls of parliament, and the records of the court of judicary, without finding any such letters: a circumstance, which could hardly excite his wonder, since he knew from previous inquiry, (see the Appendix, No. 3,) that 'the great ministers of the time removed, as far as they were able, ALL THE MINUTES relating to this process.' But would they, says Mr. Rose, when all men were exclaiming against the iniquity of the trial, have removed papers which fully justified so questionable a condemnation? Let us ask, on the other hand, whether they would not have been anxious to remove the strongest proof of that very iniquity, the decisive evidence of that foul conspiracy that is here supposed between Monk and the king's government, against the life and fortune of the unfortunate marquis?

But we find it farther contended, that no such confidential letters were or could be written, for the two men were never on confidential terms; nay more, "Monk was Argyle's mortal enemy, and represented him in the blackest colours to both the protectors," as a concealed royalist. Indeed? Then this admitted enmity furnishes at least an intelligible motive for Monk's wish to destroy him; and there can be no doubt that the men must have corresponded by letter. Monk was commander in chief of Cromwell's army in Scotland: Argyle was sheriff of Argyleshire. In these official situations under an unstable and suspicious government it is impossible that letters should not have passed between them. Is it then unlikely that in these letters, Argyle, aware of the suspicions entertained against him, should endeavour to remove them by professing a strong attachment to the existing government, of which Monk was the representative? If this reasoning be correct, we have discovered both a probable motive and certain means for Monk's committing the act imputed to him.

But Mr. Rose has other witnesses.—Skinner, Monk's chaplain, and the earl of Dartmouth. The former is a witness to character; his observation is that "the duke of Albemarle was one of the commissioners for trying the regicides, wherein he gave the world one of the greatest instances of his moderation: for, though he knew more of the guilt

and practices of these criminals than most men who sat on the bench, *yet he aggravated nothing* against them.' We hope there are few Englishmen of the present day, who can read this hypocritical boast, without disgust and contempt.

The earl of Dartmouth, it seems, in his copy of Burnet, placed a marginal note opposite to the bishop's account of Monk's conduct, stating that he 'takes delight in throwing dirt at the duke of Albemarle;' an expression, which, to our understanding, conveys no intention of disputing the accuracy of the bishop's statement, but, if any thing, exactly the reverse.

Mr. Rose does not design to say one word of the authority of Baillie's letters, which are quoted by Mr. Fox in confirmation of Burnet. We acknowledge, however, that the silence observed on the subject by newspapers and other publications of the time, appeared to us extremely singular, and excited considerable doubt in our minds, till we recollected that the marquis of Argyle's trial was a parliamentary proceeding, and the letters were only read in the course of the debates. The discussion might be carried on with closed doors, and the letters never entered on the journals. At any rate, the publication of them would have been a breach of privilege, which all the leading men of the court were much interested to punish, in order to suppress the disgraceful particulars of their own conduct. And we find accordingly that even in the State Trials,* where the voluminous indictment is set forth at length, together with the prisoner's defence, and where the account of his execution is amply detailed, the evidence against him is not so much as touched upon.

For these reasons we are perfectly satisfied that Burnet's account is true, and Mr. Fox justified in adopting it; but this subject should not be dismissed, without our remarking an instance of the boasted candour and delicacy of Mr. Rose, who exclaims, after dwelling on the different terms applied by the historian to Cromwell and Monk, that 'it will require a great partiality for a republican form of government to account for this predilection in favour of the destroyer of a monarchy, and this prejudice against the restorer of it,'—a sentence, of which the elegance and perspicuity may well be placed on a level with its liberality and good sense. Cromwell destroyed not the monarchy, but the republic.

* See Vol. 2. p. 417, Vol. 7. p. 379, Hargrave's edition.

The observation of Blackstone that the year 1679 may be considered as the period in which our constitution had attained its greatest theoretical perfection,—an observation enforced and dilated on by Mr. Fox, is justly, in our opinion disputed in the present work. It may perhaps be true that at no period had so many salutary laws been enacted, and so many obnoxious ones repealed; but we agree with Mr. Rose in thinking that much remained to be done for the constitution. Let us add, however, that we also agree with Mr. Fox's reprobation of the idle and mischievous notion that laws can do every thing; for without a vigilant and enlightened public mind, ready to supply defects, correct abuses, and repair the decays of time, the best institutions will be easily perverted by power, and eluded by individual profligacy.

The author appears to doubt Mr. Fox's statement that the treaty of 1670 with Louis the fourteenth was concealed by Charles from his ministry; but he proves that one of them at least, the duke of Buckingham, was not intrusted with the dishonourable secret.

'Dalrymple asserts only that it was unknown to the protestant ministers; and even that (says Mr. Rose) is not correct, since it was signed by lord Arlington *then professing the protestant religion*, though he is represented to have been a *concealed catholic*.'

This is rather a curious argument, unless we are sure that this concealed catholic, professed the protestant religion in private to the king, who was also a concealed catholic professing the protestant religion to his subjects, and the catholic faith to Louis the fourteenth. In saying that Charles deceived his ministers, Mr. Fox did not mean to include *all* his ministers, and most especially not those who executed the treaty: that he deceived some of them is incontrovertible. Mr. Rose might therefore have spared his triumphant deduction that 'Mr. Fox's charge against the king and his ministers for mutual treachery against each other, is *not founded*;'—even if the point were of any importance.

Mr. Fox is next accused of gross ignorance. 'Clarendon (says he) is said to have been privy to the king's receiving money from Louis the fourteenth: but what proofs exist of this charge (for a very heavy charge it is) I know not.' Here Mr. Rose can by no means restrain his sense of superiority:

'The proofs to which Mr. Fox might very easily have access were lord Clarendon's own papers, having the advantage of Sir John

Dalrymple's reference to them. It will be seen in those,* that after previous communications had taken place, in the course of which lord Clarendon had refused a bill of £10,000 from Monsieur Bastide, he told that French minister so early as April 1661, that parliament is in the best possible disposition; that having many things to settle with them, he wishes to defer saying any thing immediately about money. If that should be inconvenient, would the king (Louis) lend him £50,000 for ten or twelve months, when it should be punctually repaid?† Then follows some further correspondence, in the course of which Bastide tells Clarendon, 'that notwithstanding the pressure on the French finances, and the anticipations of their revenue, Louis will advance 1,800,000, or 2,000,000 of livres for two or three years, (equal then to about £150,000,) and that he would do more if he could.'‡ In reply to which, Lord Clarendon assures Bastide of secrecy; and tells him that the king takes the assurance of 2,000,000 livres towards the assistance of Portugal, as a suitable instance of kindness.§

This was unquestionably a very reprehensible transaction, for Clarendon ought to have foreseen that if his unprincipled master began with being a borrower from France, he would certainly become at length her pensioner and her slave. But is it possible to confound in the same degree of criminality the negotiation above stated for a loan to be repaid in twelve months, with the corrupt bargains afterwards carried into effect, for the sale of English interests for a French pension; of late years indeed loans and subsidies have been nearly synonymous, but both are extremely different from personal bribes; and lord Clarendon certainly was not privy to Charles's *receiving money* from Louis in the sense in which those words were afterwards applicable, and in which they are employed by Mr. Fox; while the chancellor's refusal of a present to himself is an act of virtue, which few public men of his time, we fear, would have had honour enough to emulate.

The noblest passage perhaps in the important work of Mr. Fox, is that which disputes the common opinion that James was expelled for his resolution to establish popery, not for his attempts to subvert the constitution of England. We have not space for extensive quotations, however valuable; but we will request the reader to look over pages 102 and 103 of the historical work with attention, and he cannot fail to perceive that the argument is supported with extraordinary force and ingenuity, if not established to complete

* Supplement to Clarendon's State Papers, vol. iii. p. 2.

† lb. p. 12.

§ lb. p. 14.

† lb. p. 4.

demonstration. His position is however thus boldly attacked by his confident and persevering though delicate and cautious antagonist :

‘ The concurrence of sentiment, expressed at the conclusion of the last section, unfortunately’ (very unfortunately indeed for Mr. Fox) ‘ does not continue in the reign of James the second. Mr. Fox seems confident that a connection with France, was, as well in point of time, as in importance, the first object of this reign.’ So far there is no ground of difference ; but *it will be shewn* that the position laid down by him, ‘ that the immediate specific motive to that connection was the same as that of his brother, the desire of rendering himself independent of parliament, and absolute, not that of establishing popery in England, which was considered as a remote contingency,’ is *contrary to the clearest evidence before us.*’

This clear evidence consists merely of an enumeration of facts as well known probably to Mr. Fox as to any other reader of English history. All the imprudent acts committed by James the second, during all the three years of his reign, are confounded together as the work of a single day, (pp. 87, &c. of the Observations), and mentioned as the result of a determination formed at the moment of his succeeding to the crown. Not only the violent, illegal measures of 1689, the immediate forerunners of the revolution, but even the furious acts of James's Irish parliament, which sat after his abdication of the English throne,—acts too, which he strongly disapproved,—are huddled together as proofs that, when he began to reign in 1685, his immediate object was the destruction of the protestant English church, and that he would not *then* have been contented with a full toleration of his own religion.

Mr. Rose is perfectly delighted with the force of his reasonings.

‘ The proof that James's principal object was the firm establishment of his own religion throughout his dominions might be *safely rested* on the evidence thus produced, of his proceedings *at home*. But as Mr. Fox founds the contrary opinion on the correspondence of Barillon, which *he* has printed,’ (would to God he had lived to do so !), ‘ it becomes necessary to refer to such passages in that correspondence as relate to this part of the subject.’

A number of such passages are then quoted from various letters of Louis XIV. Barillon, and others. Our limits will not allow a very minute examination; but we think upon the whole that these extracts fail entirely to prove Mr. Rose's assertion,

and rather tend to sustain the doctrine which he so rashly adduces them to overthrow. The uniform language, is that James should be pressed to procure *liberty of conscience* for the catholics, to abolish the penal laws against them, and to establish, not the catholic religion, but a *free exercise* of the catholic religion. The French king does indeed seem more eager, and occasionally drops a hint of more extensive projects, and Sunderland once endeavours to cajole the ambassador by indefinite promises; but the general effect is uniformly what we have stated.

In one instance, the official accuracy of Mr. Rose appears to have been converted into official candor. He has favored us with an English translation of his French extracts, and has printed in italics certain words ascribed to Barillon,—‘the indiscreet zeal of those who will inflame the people against the catholic religion, *till it shall be completely established.*’ This phrase would certainly be a strong indication of what James was carrying on in conjunction with the French court: but what are the original words? Refer to p. 107 of the Observations, line the last, (for chapter and verse are necessary on such an occasion), and you will find them thus written—‘*tant qu’elle ne sera pas plus pleinement établi.*’ Not *completely* established, but *more fully* established,—a decisive proof that even the word *establish*, as used in these letters, did not imply a national and legal establishment, for that would have been incapable of degrees; but only the toleration and free exercise of that religion. What then shall we say of Mr. Rose’s right to the office of detecting errors, and exposing partialities and misrepresentations? This incorrect translation is actually pointed out to the reader’s notice by the italic character, as a strong testimony in favour of his particular theory. We are always loth to suspect a disingenuous misstatement; yet surely he understands the French language.

According to the rule we have prescribed to ourselves, of observing only upon Mr. Rose’s *facts*, we shall crave permission to be silent in regard to his reflections on the moral instruction to be derived from this period, and shall even pass over his well-turned remark that ‘history is to purify the passions (as Aristotle says of tragedy) by exhibiting their fatal effects,’ &c.

The fourth section of these observations is devoted principally to a vindication of Dalrymple and Macpherson from the strictures advanced against them by Mr. Fox, who is here supposed to have set too high a value on his discoveries at Paris, and the additional letters of Barillon. But as we are unfortunately ignorant of the use that Mr. Fox intended

to make of these papers, as he did not even live to apply them to the important question on the conduct of Russell and Sidney, we should have thought that common sense, as well as common candor, might have disarmed all severity of animadversion on this subject. The same section also states the doubts of Mr. Rose, whether the money received from France were not rather intended to corrupt parliament, than to supersede it, as if the former were not the most certain and indispensable means for bringing about the latter object: and it concludes with some indignation against Mr. Fox for assimilating the bill passed by the commons for the better preservation of king James, with those ferocious acts of parliament, that disgraced the legislature in 1796. But even that bill does not appear to have been, in Mr. Rose's judgment, so very bad, for he states that there was a *precedent* for it in the thirteenth of Eliz. cap. 1.

The greater part of the fifth and last section is somewhat trifling. Mr. Fox is censured for not applying to several great persons, and among others to the author of these Observations, for documents in their custody; and still more uncereimoniously, for neglecting authorities accessible to every one! Can any thing be more unjust, than the former part of this accusation, when we consider the very imperfect state, in which Mr. Fox's work is bequeathed to his countrymen? For the latter part of the accusation we reply, that the laboured pages of this right honourable critic do not by any means justify him in making it. The only circumstance from which any man has a moment's right to suspect Mr. Fox of negligence so culpable, is the doubt which he has so candidly expressed in favour of one from whose politics he strongly dissented, whether Clarendon were guilty of conniving at the bribery of Charles by Louis. This doubt is repeatedly brought forward in the most invidious manner, as a decisive proof of his inaccuracy and carelessness: but we refer with confidence to the explanation above offered of the sense in which it is stated, to shew that the impropriety of conduct proved on Clarendon by the papers of his family is essentially different, both in kind and in degree, from the guilty acquiescence in the corruption of the two monarchs, which is fixed on the subsequent English ministers, and to which alone Mr. Fox's remark was intended to apply.

After again complaining of the injury which Mr. Fox did not offer to the memory of Sir Patrick Hume, and relating some of the occurrences in Argyle's expedition, Mr. Rose proceeds to censure the omission by Mr. Fox of the marquis of Montrose's history, 'though he lived in the period of the intro-

ductory chapter,' and mentions some well known particulars of that extraordinary nobleman. Why does he not also blame the omission of the execution of Lords Lovet, Balmaerino, and Kilmarnock, all Scotch lords, who died for rebelling against the established government. Mr. Rose 'treads with reverence on the ashes of the dead,' and almost immediately adds, in that strain of delicacy, which we have more than once observed in him, that if Montrose had fought against the king, instead of endeavouring to restore him, 'it must have given Mr. Fox an opportunity for such eulogium as historians, even adverse to the royal cause, have allowed to that gallant royalist.'

We have some tedious cavils about the exclamation of 'unfortunate Argyle!'—the question whether the earl requested Mr. Charteris not to try to convince him of the unlawfulness of his attempt, and more particularly about the probability of the counsellor's agitation on perceiving Argyle asleep a few hours before his execution. Independently of the slight evidence for an anecdote, which our great historian admits with much hesitation, Mr. Rose assures us, from the moral nature of the thing, that this kind of repentance is quite impossible and out of character. On such a subject, we must bow to his superior judgment and consummate experience.

Again, his indignation is greatly inflamed against an expression that brands the 'regular soldiers and militia pursuing the persons in arms against the king as authorized assassins!' 'To what a state,' exclaims he in a fine burst of loyal anger, 'to what a state must that country be reduced, when every soldier who takes up a musket in defence of a legitimate prince shall be considered as an assassin, if that prince shall in any instance have exceeded the just limits of his prerogative!' A dreadful state indeed! and that is precisely what Mr. Fox intended to convey by his expression above quoted. But when we recollect the wanton atrocities committed by the soldiery in Scotland against those miserable fanatics, who probably formed the majority of Argyle's pursued adherents, we shall not think it quite fair to charge Mr. Fox with treating the soldiers as assassins purely because, in the course of their duty, they bore arms on behalf of the government.

Then follow some particulars respecting Monmouth's visits to Holland, extracted from the letters of D'Avaux, which are curious, and some others relating to his behaviour soon after his apprehension, and in his last moments. He appears to have been a very weak and superstitious man, wearing concealed charms and astrological figures, and

speaking of his connexion with lady Harriet Wentworth, in a mystic strain, from which it is difficult to deduce any definite meaning. But as these facts are comparatively unimportant, and Mr. Fox's accuracy is not here called in question, we shall make no particular remarks on this portion of the work. We are afterwards surprised to be carried back once more to the life of Sir Patrick Hume, in which we meet with nothing in the least entertaining, interesting, nor important. The observations are closed with a kind of sermon, containing a statement of some political opinions, of which, as far as we are concerned, the author is perfectly welcome to the unmolested enjoyment. We copy his final paragraph :

' The author speaks impersonally, and he hopes it will be allowed justly, when he says that history, in its *proper province*, warms, and improves mankind. Its impartial narrative gives to the present time the experience which only a knowledge of the past can bestow; and prompts those just and salutary reflections, which the events it records naturally produce. But history cannot *connect itself with party*, without forfeiting its name; without departing from the truth, the dignity and the usefulness of its functions.'

Having gone through all the charges adduced by Mr. Rose in support of this insinuation, we are bound to declare our opinion that it is perfectly unfounded. In the professed and unequivocal purpose of these Observations, viz. the detection of errors and inaccuracies in the work assailed by them, we have given our reasons for thinking that he has, in every instance, completely failed. If the intended 'service to his country,' was to be rendered by discovering new facts, or throwing important lights upon such as are well known, we are sorry to be obliged to confess, that in this object likewise we have been equally disappointed; for truth, from whatever quarter it may come, is the only aim of our enquiries, and the sufficient reward of our most irksome studies and our most unthankful labors. On the present occasion, we perhaps owe some apology to our readers for the dryness of this long article: but the detailed method of investigation we have here adopted appeared to us necessary for a full vindication of a work and an author, that ought to be dear to the hearts of Englishmen, and which as they have in our judgment been lightly and unjustly attacked, are, we trust, not ineffectually defended.

ART. II.—*The Battle of Floddon-field, a Poem of the sixteenth Century, with the various Readings of the different copies: Historical Notes: a Glossary: and an Appendix containing ancient Poems, and historical Matter relative to the same Event.* By Henry Weber. large 8vo. pp. 389. pr. 15s. Murray. 1808.

OF this curious poem, which bears undoubted marks of higher antiquity, no MS. is extant of older date than 1636. The reason assigned by Mr. Weber for suspecting it to be more ancient than either of the chronicles of Hall or Holinshed, does not perhaps carry much weight with it. Tradition is the genuine source of legendary poetry; and the author of this ballad cannot have lived at so late a period, but that he might have been personally acquainted with some of the actors in the tragedy which he commemorates. Even in the present day, when books supply almost all our materials of knowledge, and of taste, the son of some old soldier who had fought at Culloden, would hardly sit down to write a poetical history of that battle out of Smollett, or even take the trouble of comparing the full and vivid descriptions which he had collected from eye-witnesses with the dull authentic narrative of a Gazette.

While we utterly discard, therefore, the circumstance of casual deviations between the poetical and the historical account of 'Floddon-field,' as furnishing any evidence whatever of the age of the poet, we are at the same time not at all disposed to controvert the hypothesis, for which the poem, standing alone and unconnected, appears to furnish a very strong internal foundation, that its antiquity is not above half a century inferior to that of the event which it celebrates. We think it pretty clear, indeed, from the whole tenour of it, that the author was not present at the battle, but it appears to us at least equally evident that he was, or had been, personally acquainted with some of those who were.

The first printed edition is a duodecimo, bearing date 1664, and licensed by Sir Roger l'Estrange. A copy of it, (the only one known by Mr. Weber to be in existence) is in the possession of Mr. Walter Scott, and is undoubtedly esteemed a most precious morsel by the *bibliomanists*: for our own parts we shall prefer Mr. Lambe's or Mr. Weber's modern impressions.

In 1774 appeared two several editions, one by Benson, the other by the Rev. Mr. Lambe, vicar of Norham upon

Tweed. Ritson mentions a third edition which Mr. Weber never saw.

Of the two editions just before mentioned, Benson's text is said by Mr. W. to be far more ancient than Lambe's. Mr. W. then falls with all the fierceness of a true-bred black-letter bound upon poor Lambe's editorial qualifications. But he ought to have recollected how very different the state of that most venerable art of editorship was in the year 1774 from what it is in 1809. At that time, Dr. Percy's Collections, (full as they are of errors which shock the fastidiousness of modern criticism, but which the good bishop would probably have thought scarcely worth the trouble of correction even if known to him) had just opened the prospect of a new field of literature; and old moth-eaten MSS. which had lain for centuries untouched in the garrets of family-houses began to be regarded as curiosities, and examined for the purposes of publication. Among others the honest vicar of Norham discovered in the library of Mr. Askew, of Palinsburn in Northumberland, a MS. of this identical ballad, the very existence of which in any other shape or form was probably as unknown to Mr. Lambe as to Mr. Askew himself. The edition of 1664, neither of them, of course, had ever heard of.—Mr. Scott, indeed, would be very sorry to find that they ever had, since it would then be somewhat problematical whether there did not even now exist a duplicate of the inestimable phœnix in Mr. S.'s library—a *duplicate* !!!

‘————— oh word of fear,
Unpleasing to a book-collector's ear !!’

The MS. so discovered, then, had to Mr. Lambe all the advantage of novelty. He opened, and read it, found that it contained a vast deal of curious, and perhaps even of important matter, supposing it to be a work of the age which it celebrates, and examining it more closely found sufficient internal evidence to convince him that its author if not a contemporary of that age, had lived at least not very long afterwards, and had means of compiling a narrative of its events from the traditions of eye-witnesses.

Mr. Lambe takes home with him, we will suppose, this valuable relique. He communicates it to his friends, all of whom concur with him in thinking it an important addition to the historical records of the age, and none, in the whole course of their lives, had ever heard of another copy. He sends it to town to his bookseller, and obtains Mr. Askew's permission for its publication. There is no reason for supposing that either Mr. Lambe, or his bookseller, or any of his friends

were very conversant in MSS. He had possession of a copy, the only one which he knew to exist, of an undoubtedly ancient poem, and probably neither asked nor cared to know the date of that copy. He had neither leisure nor perhaps ability to come up to town, and ransack the stores of the Harleian and Cotton MSS. nor had ever dreamed that an age might arrive when a new *codex* of an old English ballad would be as great an object of curiosity and veneration as one of Homer, or of the Greek Testament. By publishing this MS., such as he found it, he conceived that he might render an acceptable service to the world, without instituting either an inquiry or a conjecture respecting the date or other circumstances of the copy which he used; and the world sufficiently expressed its thanks of the service rendered it, in the various periodical works which noticed the publication at the time of its first appearance.

Had Mr. Scott's *Marmion* never been written, the world, and even Mr. Weber as well as the rest of the world, would have remained perfectly satisfied in the possession of Mr. Lambe's edition. But it was not to be expected but that the high popularity on which Mr. Scott had so long lived, and which is much more than sufficient for the subsistence of any single author, would excite a host of minor writers to profit by the overflowings of his fame, and gather together the crumbs which drop from the superabundance of his table. On this principle, a republication of 'Floddon-field' cannot but *answer remarkably well*, especially if set above the older edition by all the advantages of modern editorship, collation of MSS., bibliographical illustrations, Ballantyne's types, and engravings of old swords, daggers, and banners.

It is still deemed necessary to ensure the success of this "new and beautiful specimen of British typography," alias *book-making*, to cry down the rival edition; and for this purpose Mr. Lambe is, in the first place, accused, most unjustly, of an intentional fraud in the title-page, which represents his edition as "published from a *curious* MS. in the library of John Askew, Esq."—Undoubtedly, since older MSS. have been obtained and the Askew MS. proved to be no older than the year 1707, the term *curious* would be ill applied to it,—but to Mr. Lambe and to the world in general, at the time of Mr. Lambe's publication, knowing nothing of the existence of other MSS. it *was* *curious*; and we own we are unable to discover the slightest colour of fraud in any part of the transaction. As for Mr. Ritson, if he was deceived, it was only as Mr. Lambe had probably been before him,—at all events he had only to blame himself, for his want of sagacity or examination.

With regard to Mr. Lambe's very *curious* notes and illustrations, these, although adopted by Mr. Weber not only as the basis but as forming the principal substance of his own, obtain from him only a very doubtful and equivocal kind of praise, while he gives himself the highest credit for rejecting the 'long rambling dissertations,' with which those notes are incumbered. In fact, Mr. Lambe's work, in this respect, was one of the most strange and whimsical olios ever presented to the public; but at the same time its most absurd and unconnected digressions contained specimens of learning, taste, and just criticism which a later editor, under such infinite obligations to him as Mr. Weber, would have acted more *modestly* if he had allowed, and spared. The notes to Mr. Weber's edition, both those which he has *condescended* to retain from Lambe, and those which he has added of his own, are certainly all very correct and proper, according to modern rules of bookmaking, as they consist, almost entirely, of passages gathered together from old authors illustrative of some fact recorded in the poem. The biographical notices, which are the most interesting, are for the greater part copied from Lambe. But even on Mr. Weber's own principles of annotation, we are at a loss to discover why he should have thought fit to reject Mr. Lambe's note on the ancestors of the Earl of Westmoreland, while he retains that on the life and miracles of St. Cuthbert; why he should have omitted Erasmus's character of the archbishop of St. Andrew's; why he should have substituted for the character of James by the same eloquent and *contemporary* writer, a passage from Lord Hales about the magistrates of Edinburgh, (not alluded to in the poem); why he should have dismissed Mr. Lambe's conjectural note on the strange word, *Gando*, without attempting any new conjecture in its room; why he should have given us the whole history of the family of Heron, and yet left out the account of Bishop Tunstal so naturally following that of Sir Bryan his father.*

Another, and the most serious objection made by Mr. Weber to his predecessor's labours, is that there are in his text many wanton deviations even from the copy, bad as it is,

* By way of example of the originality and humour displayed by Mr. Lambe in some of his "long rambling dissertations," let the reader take the following remark on Pope's Homer.

"Homer, if I may personify his works, thus stripped of his own plain attire, and clothed in a fashionable, modern, richly ornamented dress, jingling in continual rhymes, is like a daughter of Zion, who bedecked with earrings, and nose jewels, wimples, and crisping pins, minces as she goes, and makes a tinkling with her feet." Isaiah iii.

which he edited ; and that in one place he has pointed five whole stanzas as original, without any remark upon them, which in the MS. itself from which he printed are confessed to be an interpolation made by the writer of that MS. These instances of carelessness admit of no defence ; and the only ground of extenuation is that, in Mr. Lambe's judgment, probably as well as in ours, it was not a matter of equal importance to have the genuine text of ' Flodden-field,' as that of one of St Paul's epistles.

We cannot conclude this article without noticing a republication, which has come to our hands, of Mr. Lambe's original work ; since, although Mr. Weber's text is so infinitely more pure, and though he has two or three additional articles in his appendix, besides very elegant engravings of the banners of Earl Marshall and Earl Huntley, and of the sword and dagger of King James IV. it may be of importance to some persons to know that they may procure this invaluable treasure. ' The battle of Flodden-field,' for the moderate sum of five or six shillings.

ART. III.—*Travels in America, performed in 1806, for the Purpose of exploring the Rivers Alleghany, Monongahela, Ohio, and Mississippi, and ascertaining the Produce and Concition of their Banks and Vicinity. By Thomas Ashe, Esq. In three volumes, 12mo. pp. 934. Philips. 1808.*

THE author proceeds from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, a distance of more than three hundred miles, of which one hundred and fifty are over a continued succession of mountains. In his third letter, he gives a description of Pittsburg. Pittsburg is delightfully situated at the head of the Ohio, and on the point of land formed by the junction of the Alleghany and the Monongahela rivers. Fort Fayette is built within the limits of the town on the banks of the Alleghany.

' The spot on which this town stands, is so commanding (in the military phrase) that it has been emphatically called the key to the western country ; and its natural situation is peculiarly grand and striking. Blest as it is with numerous advantages, there is nothing surprising in its having increased rapidly within the last few years. It contains about four hundred houses, many of them large and elegantly built with brick ; and above two thousand inhabitants. It abounds with mechanics, who cultivate most of the different manufactures that are to be found in any other part of the United States ; and possesses upwards of forty retail stores, which all seem continually busy. To this place most of the goods conveyed in waggons

over the mountains in spring and autumn, and destined for the Kentucky and Louisiana trade, are brought, to be ready for embarkation.

Many valuable manufactories have been lately established here; among which are those of glass, hats, and nails, tobacco. The manufacture of glass is carried on extensively, and that article is made of an excellent quality. There are two establishments of this sort; one for the coarser, and the other for the finer kinds.

'Ship-building is practised to a considerable extent in and near this town, and several vessels of from ten to three hundred and fifty tons are now on the stocks. They are frequently loaded here with flour, hemp, glass, and provisions: and then descend with the stream to the sea, a distance of two thousand three hundred miles; the only instance of such a length of fresh-water inland navigation, for vessels of such burthen, known in the world.'

The women at Pittsburg, are said to be much better educated than the men, and their superior accomplishments are heightened by the absence of ostentation. Religion here, as in most other places, is frittered away in a thousand vapid ceremonies, which are always more numerous and fantastic in proportion as the people are more ignorant. The sect of *jumpers* in this country are said to support their peculiar system by the example of David dancing before the ark. At Pittsburg, there is a sect of religionists, who 'in obedience to the *letter* of the apostle's instructions to *become as little children*, think it right to play and roll on the floor, tumble, dance, sing, or practise gymnastic and various other juvenile games.'—Others fast, pray, and howl in the imitation of wolves.'

In letter IV. the author considers the subject of emigration to America; and, in the history of an emigrant farmer, he appears very forcibly to describe the mortifications and disappointments, which are usually experienced by those who quit this country to settle in the *land of promise*. They set out under a strong delusion and they return with blasted hopes. We shall extract part of his story of the emigrant farmer, which we have just mentioned, and which though highly coloured, we believe to be at least *characteristically* true. This person is said to have been a gentleman farmer in the neighbourhood of Lewes, who sold all his property in this country in order to become proprietor in the United States. This gentleman and family first

'saw land to the north-east of Portland, in the district of Maine; and then coasted along the shore to Boston in Massachusetts. During this period, the farmer was anxiously looking for that prospect of fields and villages, that general shew of improvement and abundance, which his *reading* had instructed him to expect; but what was his

surprise when he found that he could observe nothing but immense forests, covering an endless succession of mountains which penetrated to the interior of the country, and lost their summits in the clouds! he was not aware, that from the vast extent of America, the industry of man cannot for centuries effect a visible change in the general and primitive face which it bears. The improvements are but as specks scattered here and there, and can only be perceived by particular researches: the survey from a distance represents a continued immeasurable tract of woods, apparently occupied by beasts of prey, and incapable of affording accommodation to man.

This unexpected sight engaged and astonished him; nor were his reflections on it interrupted till he arrived in Boston-harbour, where other scenes gave him fresh cause for wonder. A swarm of custom-officers were in an instant on board; and began their work of search, extortion, and pillage. Having escaped from these, he landed, he found himself surrounded by a number of persons who, without any kind of ceremony, crowded on him with the most familiar and impertinent inquiries: such as why he left England, whether he intended to settle among them, what were his means, what line of life he meant to follow, &c. One of them could let him have a house and store, if he turned his thoughts to merchandize: another could supply him at a low price, with the workshop of a mechanic, a methodist meeting, or a butcher's shop, if either of these articles would suit him. Some recommended him to become a *land-jobber*; and to buy of them a hundred thousand acres on the borders of the Genesee country, and on the banks of *extensive* rivers and *sumptuous* lakes. This speculation was opposed by others: who offered him the sale of a parcel of *town-lots*, from which, by building on them, he could clear five hundred *per cent.*; or if he had not means to build for the present, he could cultivate the lots as cabbage-gardens, clear the first cost in a few years, and sell the whole at an advanced price! Finding however that none of their advice had any effect, these sordid speculators gradually dispersed; forming different conjectures of the stranger's intention, and lamenting that he was not simple enough to be made their dupe.

At length he reached a tavern; where he had not been long before a succession of swindlers and impostors intruded on his privacy, asked him a new set of questions, and harassed him with proposals varying according to the particular interests of the parties. If he had a desire to become a banker, he could purchase a share in a *capital house*: or he might buy a *land-lottery*; take a contract for building a bridge: place his funds in a manufactory of *weavers shuttles*; buy up unpaid-for British goods, twenty *per cent.* under prime cost; sell them by auction, and then buy a patent for making *improved fish-hooks*, and *cut iron nails*. As he did not approve of any of these plans, he was fortunately left to his little family: but not till his intruders gave him to understand that they suspected him to be a poor fellow without either money or spirit; and who came among them to become a school-master, lawyer, parson, or doctor. "These professions," they added, "already abounded among them, but in the interior of the country he could not fail to succeed; and

they hoped he would soon remove to those parts, as people of his kind were hardly held in repute among *them*."

'When they were again alone, his wife and himself could no longer suppress their astonishment and horror. One short hour had dispelled the reveries in which they had so long indulged; and changed the *liberal, independent, amiable* Americans, of whom they had read so much, into a race of impudent, selfish, sordid individuals, without either principle or common humanity. Still however he was not inclined to judge rashly of them; but deliberately to examine the country, and act from his own observations.

'At last, after spending much of his time and property, his conclusions were these: that the high price of labour renders it impossible for a gentleman farmer to make any thing of land there; that no man can succeed on a farm unless he himself attends the plough, and has a wife and children capable of performing the other mean and hard work; that the market-prices are too low to defray the expence of hired labourers, and that one of his own flocks of sheep in England yielded a greater profit than any farm which he had examined or seen here. Taxes too, he found, were numerous and increasing; yet trade was unprotected, and persons and property were insecure. As to religion, he saw it in some parts established by a rigid ecclesiastical tyranny, compelling him to go to church on a Sunday or pay a fine; and in others so much neglected and disregarded, that every house of worship was in a state of dilapidation and decay.'

In the fifth letter we find the writer at Morgantown, a place of increasing prosperity and importance on the east bank of the Monongahela river. In the neighbourhood of a place called Brownsville, or Red-stone, the author professes to have discovered numerous monuments of Indian antiquity. Among these he mentions a fortified camp, enclosing an area of about thirteen acres, and raised seven feet above the adjoining ground. But compared with what we should call antiquities in the eastern world, this fort is probably of recent date; nor do the aboriginal inhabitants of America appear to have made any considerable advances in civilization and arts.

The Alleghany river, which is said to be seldom equalled in the clearness of its water and the rapidity of its current, is delightfully interspersed with cultivated farms and increasing towns on its banks, and bids fair to be settled from its mouth to its sources.—The following passage, which serves to illustrate the providential benevolence of the deity, and the instinctive sagacity of animals, is deserving of attention.

'The Onondago, which has a communication with the Alleghany, is a fine lake of brackish water, surrounded by springs, from two to five hundred gallons of the water of which make a bushel of salt. It appears as if nature expressly intended this re-

gion to be populated ; and, as a strong temptation, placed this treasure in the bosom of hills and woods. Had it not been for these and similar springs dispersed through the western country, salt must have been at such a price as to deter persons from settling there. All the animals of those parts have a great fondness for salt. The cattle of farmers who give this substance to their stock, prove superior in value by 25 *per cent.* to such as are not supplied with an article so essential not only to their general improvement, but their health. The native animals of the country too, as the buffalo, elk, deer, &c. are well known to pay periodical visits to the saline springs and lakes, bathing and washing in them, and drinking the water till they are hardly able to remove from their vicinity. The best roads to the Onondago from all parts, are the buffalo-tracks ; so called from having been observed to be made by the buffaloes in their annual visitations to the lake from their pasture-grounds : and though this is a distance of above two hundred miles, the best surveyor could not have chosen a more direct course, or firmer or better ground. I have often travelled these tracks with safety and admiration : I perceived them chosen as if by the nicest judgment ; and when at times I was perplexed to find them revert on themselves nearly in parallel lines, I soon found it occasioned by swamps, ponds, or precipices, which the animals knew how to avoid : but that object being effected, the road again swept into its due course, and bore towards its destination as if under the direction of a compass.

The salt lake and springs, were formerly frequented, at particular seasons, by large droves of buffaloes, which 'travelled in single files,' but whose numbers have been so much thinned by the destructive skill of man, that hardly a buffalo is, at this time, to be found east of the Mississippi. Deer, which used also to be attracted to the saline springs, have experienced nearly the same fate as the buffaloes ; and this species of food has accordingly become scarce. Doves 'appear to delight in the neighbourhood of impregnated springs.' 'They are seen in immense numbers, as tame as domestic pigeons, but rendered more interesting by their solitary notes and plaintive melody.'

In Letter VII, the author offers some account of the natural history of the country, and gives a catalogue of some of the vegetable productions, classed under the heads of *medicinal, esculent, ornamental, and useful or fit for fabrication.* In this part of his work, the author says, vol i. p. 132. that few countries can be more proper than this for the production of the grape. 'Where lands are not cleared and the grape vines not extirpated, it is impossible to resist observing and admiring the quantity which those natural vineyards present to the view.' The author seems to think that the human animal degenerates in America. Can this

se otherwise, where gain is the only pursuit and where every moral tie is disregarded in the acquisition? America has hitherto produced very few warriors, statesmen, philosophers, or literati of any eminence.—Mr. Ashe calls Mr. John Adams the first statesman in America. He says that the speeches of the members of the house of representatives and the senate are

‘made by Irish and Scotch Journalists, who attend the congress and senate merely to take the spirit of their proceedings and clothe it with a language interesting to read. Attending the debates of congress on a day when a subject of consequence was to be discussed, I left the house full of contempt of its eloquence and the paucity of talent employed for the support or condemnation of the question. Notwithstanding this I read in the next morning’s gazette, ‘that a debate took place in the house last night of the most interesting nature; that it was agitated by all the talent in the country,—particularly by Messieurs Dayton, Morgan, Otty, Dawson, and whose brilliant speeches we lay before the public.’ Here followed certainly eloquent orations, a sentence of which never passed in the house. I had the misfortune to attend the congress at another time, when the scene was more noisy and turbulent than at any of your electioneering hustings.—A Mr. Lyon, of Vermont, now of Kentucky, not being able to disprove the arguments of an opponent, spit directly in his face: this the other resented by running to the fire and catching up a hot poker, and in a short time nearly killed his opponent, and cleared the house. I suppose this is sufficient on this head; from it you can readily learn that the congress is a violent vulgar assembly, which *hired* persons attend, to debate on state affairs, and that the public newspapers are conducted by foreign editors, who amplify such debates, and give them something of a polished and interesting character.’

The professions of law, physic, and divinity, furnish few persons of extraordinary virtue or ability.

In the ninth letter, the author gives an interesting description of the navigation of the Ohio, with useful instructions to those who descend that mighty stream. In letter X. he purchases a Kentucky boat on the Monongahela and falls down the Ohio. His crew consisted of only two men, Mindeth, an old follower, and Cuff a mestee of the Bandan nation. While Mr. Ashe steered his boat in the confluence of the Monongahela and Alleghany waters, he ‘was able to dip up whitish water on one side and perfectly green on the other. The hills on the right hand were near 1200 feet high,—those on the left something less lofty,—each clothed with sumptuous and unceasing timber from the base to the summit, the garb of many thousand years, each tree perishing in an imperceptible progression, and each as imperceptibly renewed.’—‘The

river for nine hundred miles, with the exception of a few intervals chosen in general for the seats of towns, villages, and farms, is bounded by lofty banks and high mountains, which shed a gloom on its surface, and convey less of pleasurable sensation than of sublimity and surprise.' He was proceeding to New Orleans, a city which is distant from Pittsburg about two thousand three hundred miles; where he tells us that death demands nine out of ten of the whole number of visitors.

Mr. Ashe landed on a small island which takes the name of Grape, from the multitude of vines which cover the ground. It is a little below Macintosh, which is twenty-eight miles from Pittsburg. After piercing through the woody thickets the author discovered on the left side of the island a space

' cleared, planted with Indian corn, and very promising wheat. A neat log-house soon appeared in view; I knocked, the door was opened by an old woman, about whom hung three children, the whole emaciated by sickness, and stained by the languid colours of death. They betrayed more fear than surprize, on beholding me. I banished this impression as soon as possible, by persuading the mother that I did not come to rob the house, or do her any manner of injury; and that I was not a Kentuckey man, and that mere chance, not a disposition to plunder had brought me her way. On this she assumed some serenity, and told me that the Kentuckey men so often landed on her island to steal her fruit, fowls, hogs, &c. that she was alarmed at the sight of others, from an apprehension of their coming with the same design. The husband who soon after came in, I found to be a German, who had lived long enough in Virginia to pick up some Negro-English. He informed me, that coming down the river four years past in his family boat, for want of keeping a good look out, or of knowing the river, he took the wrong channel, and stove his boat within two hundred yards of the spot where his house now stands. The water being shallow he got his goods ashore, and thinking the island possessed as good land as any he could procure elsewhere, he determined to proceed no farther, but to pitch his tent where providence had cast him, and set with a good heart about building a log-house, and clearing ground for maize, in the first instance, and then for wheat and other objects of agriculture. He effected this laborious purpose to admiration. His house was comfortable; his garden neat; and he had six acres of land under a crop which appeared perfectly thriving. He had bought a male and female pig, which had multiplied in the woods prodigiously, and nothing appeared to interrupt his happiness but *the people of Kentuck*, as he called all those who occasionally made a descent on his island either to pursue game or to injure him. Robinson Crusoe never stood in so much dread of an Indian invasion as this poor German did of his own fellow citizens and inhabitants of a neighbouring state.

‘ I never asked him why he himself looked so poorly, or why his wife and children were so afflicted with indisposition ? The reasons were too evident to make it necessary to touch a string which could vibrate nothing but discord.—Excessive perspiration from continual labour, and exposure to rain and nightly dews before the completion of the house hurt the constitution of this poor couple, and the regular periodical fevers which visit them are hastening them and their children to an early dissolution.—Were it not for this, who would not envy them the monarchy of their little island ; the tranquillity of their lives ; and the innocence of their pursuits !

At Stubenville, a town pleasantly situated on the right bank of the river in the Ohio state, the author found an office for the sale of congress lands, ‘ which brings a number of purchasers, and at times makes a considerable appearance of activity.’ These lands were about twenty years ago in the possession of the Indian tribes, from whom after a fruitless attempt made to wrest them by violence, they were purchased by congress for a few thousand dollars, a few trinkets and an annuity. The Indians were invited to form a settlement in the neighbourhood of Detrail and along the waters of the Ontario ; the possession has been guaranteed to them by the *good faith* of the United States. The lands which the American government obtained by their *honest bargain* with the Indians, are now denominated the Ohio state, which is rapidly increasing in wealth and population. This state is ‘ bounded on the north by the lakes and Canada ; on the south by Ohio river, on the east by part of Pennsylvania and New York, and on the west by the Indian territory which in its turn, will soon become a state.’ The towns of Marcenna, and Cincennall are large and rising into commercial eminence.—No slavery is tolerated in this state. In the last ten years the population has experienced an increase of one hundred thousand inhabitants, who are said to excel the rest of their countrymen, in manners, in virtue, and in industry.

At the town of Wheeling, which is eighty two miles by water from Pittsburg, the author gives a most deplorable account of the profligacy and brutality of the inhabitants. The place itself, which was formerly included in the jurisdiction of the United States, is said to have been originally peopled by outlaws, swindlers, thieves, and criminals of every description. Since the extension of the frontier of the United States, a better sort of people has been gradually introduced, but a large portion of the corrupt mass remains. The author gives several instances of the unprincipled debauchery, cruelty, and violence which still prevail. His account of a battle between a Virginian and a Kentucky man, who agreed to fight

'rough and tumble,' or 'tear and rend,' exceeds in point of barbarous atrocity every thing that the domestic annals of modern Europe could supply. The Kentuckey man, who was the stronger man of the two, had nevertheless his eyes absolutely torn from their sockets by the *superior skill* of his antagonist. Mr. Ashe was told that few days elapsed without some exhibition of this wild-beast mode of fighting to gratify the American amateurs of this mutilating art.—On entering the ball room at Wheeling, the author found it filled with persons at cards, drinking, smoking, dancing, &c.; and the festival was concluded with a scene of outrage and confusion, greater than attends even the opening of Bartholomew-fair in this metropolis.

A mail coach is established

'from Philadelphia to Lexington in Kentuckey, through Pittsburg, Wheeling, and Chitocoth, a distance of upwards of seven hundred miles, to be performed by contract in fifteen days. Small inns are to be found every ten or twelve miles of the route. They are generally log huts of one apartment, and the entertainment consists of bacon, whiskey, and Indian bread. Let those who despise this bill of fare remember that seven years since this road was called the Wilderness, and travellers had to encamp, find their own provisions, and with great difficulty secure their horses from panthers and wolves. Another remark is to be made on this great road. Directly on ascending the mountain in the rear of Wheeling an immense deep and gloomy valley appears in view; twelve miles long, by from two to six broad. It is completely surrounded by high mountains, through which there is but one small pass, serving for the current of the water of a beautiful creek that traverses the valley twelve different times in search of a level to facilitate its course to the Ohio and the sea. The road crosses the creek at every traverse, and, for the entire length is nearly a perfect plain, adorned with trees of the most sumptuous growth; with corn and wheat of an unexampled luxuriance, and encircled by an amphitheatre of mountains, whose summits of eternal verdure are often embraced by the clouds. The soil, composed of decayed vegetable substances, and putrid animal remains, appears like a fine garden mould; it is, from three to sixteen feet deep, and judging from the channel of the creek, is deposited on gravel and limestone rock. There are eight settlers on this enchanting spot, who have to regret nothing but the too transient visits of the sun, who in his meridian glory looks down on this little world, sheds upon it his most fervid rays, until intercepted by the mountains, towards the south he sets in the vigour of the day.'

Marietta, which is likely to become a town of considerable importance, is situated at the confluence of the great Muskingum with the Ohio. This place is chiefly peopled by New Englanders, whose austerity of manners forms a strik-

ing contrast with the dissolute lives of the settlers at Wheeling. 'The inhabitants of Marietta, are said to be the first, who have exported the produce of the Ohio country in vessels of their own building.' Marietta possesses an academy, court house, prison, and church. The last edifice seems a rarity in these parts; for it is said to be the only one between this place and Pittsburg, which is one hundred and eighty miles distant. The observance of the Sabbath is rigidly enforced; and unremitting industry and the vigilant pursuit of gain are substituted for the mobs, the fighting, the racing, the '*rough and tumbling*,' for which the town of Wheeling is renowned. The banks, hills, and head-waters of the Muskingum are said to exhibit numerous monuments of Indian antiquity.—The author, who was prompted to make some researches in the neighbourhood, discovered a vault, at the bottom of which he found a 'beautiful tessellated pavement of small coloured stones, the colours and stones arranged in such a manner as to express harmony and shades, and to pourtray the full length figure of a warrior, under whose feet a snake was exhibited in ample folds.' Mr. A. makes some remarks on Indian archeology; in which as in others on that subject, conjecture furnishes no small part of the proof.

One of the author's servants, Cuff, possessed great imitative powers; which he had learned among his Indian brethren, and which more than once stood his master in great stead. He copied very exactly the several distinctive sounds of the beasts and birds both wild and tame.

'The turkeys acknowledged his voice, and the life of one of them paid for their credulity. He brought me a fine turkey of the last year, fat, and weighing about sixteen pounds. As the night was well set in and the day had been laborious, no time was lost in preparing supper, that is in broiling a part of the turkey on some bright embers, and laying it on some green leaves before us, with some good biscuit and a bottle of water from an adjacent spring. I relished this primitive entertainment as well as any of the sumptuous banquets it has, at times, fallen to my lot to partake of in Europe.

'The wild turkey is excellent food, and has this remarkable property, that the fat is never offensive to the stomach.

'When Kentucky was first settled, it abounded with turkeys to such a degree that the settlers said the light was often interrupted by them. Though this may be considered a figure, still it is well known that they were extremely numerous, so much so that he was esteemed an indifferent sportsman who could not kill a dozen in a day. Even at this time they are sold in Lexington for half a dollar a pair. They are, notwithstanding, becoming very scarce, and, addicted as all classes of people in that state are to an intemperate predilection for

destroying every living aboriginal creature, their total extinction must be near at hand. They yet abound in this Ohio state, and possibly will, for many years; till it becomes more peopled.

'I cannot pretend that wild turkeys differ in any striking manner from the domestic ones I have every where seen, except the length of their wings; their superior plumage, their attitude and lively expression in walking. The cock too has a beard composed of about one hundred hairs which hangs in a streamer from under the beak. The hair is thicker than a pig's bristle, and the length accords with the age. In the young the beard is hardly perceptible, in the old it descends more than half a foot. I have killed a wild turkey cock which weighed thirty pounds and whose beard was ten inches long: the flesh was execrable, nearly as hard as iron, and as black as jet. The young on the contrary are white and tender, delicate meat, and of exquisite flavour.

'Wild turkeys are gregarious. The flocks from fifty to sixty. They are migratory. They winter to the southward and return in the spring to the deepest recesses of the woods, where they construct their nests with such care and concealment, that few instances ever occur of the eggs or young being found. Where eggs have been obtained and hatched under a domestic turkey, the young shew great disposition to thrive and remain about the house very contentedly till their first spring, when they rise, without indicating a previous talent for flying, into the air, take a few circles round the heads of their old friends, and make for a wilderness whence they never more return.'

The Indians unite the offices of physician and of priest, and in this double character, they obtain a paramount influence over the people. In this, as has been so much the case in other countries, they profess a supernatural intercourse with the 'great spirit,' and affect to work miraculous cures. By the knowledge which they obtain of the medicinal virtues of certain plants they are enabled to heal wounds and remove diseases. But as the application of the remedy is always accompanied with a certain superstitious ceremonial, and aided by mysterious ejaculations, shrieks, and contortions, the benefit, which ensues, is ascribed rather to the magic ritual which is practised than to the physical means which are used. Has not much the same thing taken place in all ages and all climes? The Indians impute to the charms of the priest those effects which result from the natural remedies, which experience has taught. These persons are particularly celebrated for the antidotes with which they are acquainted against the bite of venomous reptiles. One of the antidotes which they have discovered, they impart to the tribe, which enables them to sleep with the utmost security in the open air.

' They also instruct the whole tribe in a manner of sleeping in the open air, and in the utmost safety, though surrounded by snakes, not one of which dare approach them. The instruction consists in taking a stick and leaves from a certain tree ; with the point of the stick describe a ring round the sleeping-ground ; place on the ring the leaves, and on doing this perform certain ceremonies. This process to be renewed at intervals of waking. This is all the knowledge they impart to the tribe, and this is highly efficacious and valuable ; for, rejecting the folly of the use of words and exorcism, merely given to convey a high notion of superior power, the antidotes and herbs pointed out are certain cures, and the simple action of drawing a line with a *black ash stick*, and strewing on the line some leaves of the same tree, is known to be entirely sufficient to hinder any snake from crossing the line, and to deter him from interrupting any thing within side of it. So great is their terror to this timber, that they are never known to inhabit where it grows ; and if a branch of black ash be suddenly cast before a rattle-snake, apprehension and fear instantly seize him ; his rattle ceases ; his passion subsides ; and groveling, timid, yet disquiet, he takes a large circuit to pass the branch, or, more probably, entirely retires.'

Some parts of the following relation, do great credit to the descriptive powers of Mr. Ashe :

' On hearing my dog bark as if at an object he durst not spring upon, and at the same time hearing a quick and irritated rattle, I passed to the direction of the noise, and found the dog running at and from a rattle-snake, whose head stood erect about four feet from a coil of several folds, and whose tail, moving with rapid vibration, was disengaged from the coil to emit a warning or deadly sound. The dog refused to be called off, and in proportion as he barked and ran in and off, the snake encreased in agitation and fury---at times feigning to strike, and others casting off a wind of his coil, awaiting a grand opportunity of striking in reality. He emitted his crimson tongue with great velocity, his eyes glared fire, his head swelled to a violent degree, and his throat shone in great variety of beautiful and vivid colours. He had arrived at the acme of his choler ; he was even poising himself with the determination to give the fatal blow, when, attachment to my dog, sinking all considerations of personal safety, I rushed on and dragged him off. The poor Mandanean took the same eventful instant to strike the snake with a long stick he had prepared for the purpose. The first blow brought him down, but with unimpaired vigour, till he fastened on the stick, with the intention of wreaking on it the whole of his wrath and vengeance. So much was he occupied by this determined spirit, and engaged on the stick, that Cuff, on giving him a blow or two more, run in and struck his head off with the axe. The last act produced a horrid effect, the body, preserving all the principles of life, described a sphere from the ground under which a man could pass ; it then assumed as many undulations as its length and volume would allow,

and finally rolled along the earth till it came in contact with a tree, round which it once more coiled, and against which it beat its extremities with a violence that soon destroyed the power of action and resistance, and left the creature with unfolded involutions, exanimate round the root of the tree.'

In Letter XVIII. the author gives an account of the rise, progress, and fall of Galliopolis, a French settlement on the Ohio.—This settlement assumed a very flourishing appearance for the first two years. But the incipient hopes of the colony were blasted by subsequent disappointments. When the author visited this spot, he found it likely to be once more shrouded by the gloom of its primitive woods. Only about sixteen families remain out of five hundred who came into the country a few years before, cheated with delusive hopes of permanent felicity!!! Mr. Ashe says that no place was ever chosen with less judgment; the soil was deficient in fertility, and the situation was very unfavourable to health.

From Galliopolis the author pursued his voyage to the mouth of the Great Sandy river, where the state of Virginia ends, and that of Kentucky begins. This point, which is supposed to be favourable for a trading town, is one hundred and ten miles distant from Lexington the capital of Kentucky. The author complains that the descriptions, which have been given of this *land of promise*, this earthly elysium, have been full of falsehood and exaggeration. With the exception of a most beautiful and fertile tract of about sixty miles long and thirty broad in the centre of the state, the remainder, which is for the most part rugged, mountainous and barren, seems to offer but scanty means of subsistence, and of course, but few attractions for the residence of man.

In p. 101. vol. ii. the author says:

' Our notice was frequently attracted by a number of hogs ranging in a wild state. They multiply to a great degree, notwithstanding that the wolves have no objection to their flesh, and that panthers consider them as their nicest diet. In this natural state they attain considerable courage and ferocity, to which, perhaps, their multiplication and safety may be attributed. The sows we met with were savage to such a degree that they firmly stood between us and their young, till the latter scampered off and concealed themselves with a skill which baffled the minutest search. When a litter is discovered and attacked by a panther, the old sow stands all the brunt, and maintains a fight of sufficient duration to allow the young to disperse, though often at the expense of her own life. Hogs attract so many wild beasts about a house, that Mr. G. has given over keeping any in a domestic way. When he lays up his winter provision, he selects hogs from the wood, and considers their flesh much more delicate than that of home fed pork. Their food is

the woods consists generally of acorns, nuts, berries, and roots, and occasionally on vermin, reptiles, and snakes; of which last they are extravagantly fond.

At Maysville, Mr. Ashe procured a horse, with which he proceeded to Lexington. On his way he passed through part of the country which has been described by Inlay, as a lawn of verdure and of flowers, but where the author found nothing but sterile mountains, with intervals of deep ravines and swamps. The author very properly reprobates the cruelty of such fictions, which have beguiled many an emigrant into an abyss of ruin and despair! Mr. A. passed the night at Millersburgh; and next morning rode to breakfast at Paris, which is about eight miles distant.

The author arrived at Paris at so early an hour that few of the family were stirring, and no breakfast appeared likely to be had for some time. This reminded me of a very disagreeable custom prevailing all through America. No individual traveller can get breakfast, dinner, or supper, at times of his own choosing. He must wait for the family hours, and till all the strangers assemble and sit down together. Those who arrive after this species of public breakfast, have to wait for dinner, and such as miss the dinner-hour must fast till night. They have other customs calculated also to annoy; for instance, on entering the Paris inn, I expressed a wish to have breakfast as soon as possible, as I had to reach Lexington to dinner. And to expedite the breakfast, I begged to have nothing prepared but tea or coffee. These instructions availed me nothing. Children were dispatched after fowls which took to the gardens and fields, in vain to prolong their minutes, which were numbered, they were caught, plucked, and put on the fire, part of which was previously occupied baking bread, frying ham, &c. &c. After the expiration of two hours, a table was set out with knives, forks, pickles, &c. &c. covered with several dishes of cold and hot meat, while the tea was held at a distance, to be handed at intervals for drink. I made my breakfast on tea and heavy hot bricks, and could not resist telling the landlady that she would have spared herself much trouble and given me much time, had she made but a cup of tea in the first instance. She observed, that might be, but that she was always used to do as she had done, and altered her ways for nobody. I asked her what was to pay, and cast a dollar upon the table, enraged at the low state of some minds, their attachment to wrong, and determination to persist in evil and dull habits, which they know to be adverse to their prosperity and improvement. She took up the dollar, and pitching it to a negro, desired him to chop it. 'Chop it! ma'am, I want it changed.' She made no reply, but, going to the man, desired him to chop out of the dollar one quarter and one eighth; in other words, to cut out her charge of one shilling and threepence for my breakfast, and ninepence for my horse. The man did this with great dexterity, and returned me the dollar, with nearly one fourth cut out, with an angle

running to the middle, which gave it the appearance of three fourths of a circle. Learning that this was the legal mode of procuring change, I got the same dexterous person to transform a couple more dollars with his chissel, into quarters, eighths, and sixteenths. He executed that service in a few moments; I received a handful of small change, which I found of advantage on the road.'

The author found the country between Paris and Lexington to exhibit a greater degree of fertility; but yet not cultivated, as he says, in the proportion of more than one enclosed acre to a thousand waste. Lexington is situated in a valley in that portion of Kentucky which has been extolled for its paradisaical beauty and enjoyments. The town consists of about three hundred houses arranged in streets intersecting each other at right angles.

'The inhabitants shew demonstrations of civiliation; but at particular times, on Sundays and market-days they give a loose to their dispositions, and exhibit many traits that should exclusively belong to untutored savages. Their churches have never been finished, and they have all the glass struck out by boys in the day, and the inside torn up by rogues and prostitutes who frequent them at night.'

Dissipation seems not to be unknown at Lexington; for the author says that drinking and gambling, at billiards and cards, are very prevalent; and that 'every idle hour is spent at taverns and billiard rooms.'—The aristocracy of wealth has begun to rear its head in this democratic elysium. 'The present better sort of persons, says the author, 'consist of six or eight families, who live in a handsome manner, keep *livery servants*, and admit no persons to their tables of vulgar manners or suspicious character.'—The market is said to be abundantly supplied with every article of provisions except fish; and the best taverns charge 'no more than half a dollar a day for lodging and three repasts, each of which consists of a profusion of meat and game, with vegetables of various sorts.'—But the author thinks that the prosperity of this place is likely to decline. The tide of emigration, which once set in here very strong from the east has taken a different direction.—The temperature of the climate is represented as generally mild: but still Mr. Ashe asserts that the situation is not favourable to health. Great collections of mephitic vapour are said to be rolled into the contiguous atmosphere from the extensive swamps and stagnant waters of the south and the west.

'The soil round Lexington is from one to thirty feet deep—the bottom throughout the whole state a solid bed of limestone. The

beds of creeks and streams are solid limestone; and the Kentucky river runs through a natural canal, whose perpendicular sides of one hundred feet high are composed of limestone rock. The farms in the vicinity of Lexington are very neat, and many of them affect the English manner. The produce is great, the price low. Flour three dollars per barrel—Corn one shilling per bushel. The distribution of water is very unequal through the state. The greatest part of the farms have none but what they procure from wells cut through the limestone rock, several feet thick, and through strata of clay and gravel of infinite hard labor. The wells, in general, descend sixty feet. Gardens produce with great and excellent abundance. Melons, cucumbers, &c. grow in the open air, without manure or attention. Grapes cluster in the woods, and peaches and pomegranates flourish in the corn fields.'

The town of Cincinnati, to which the author proceeded, down the Ohio from Limestone, appears to be rapidly rising into a place of great traffic and importance. The adjacent country has become a favourite point of emigration, not only from America but from Europe. In the year preceding that in which Mr. A. was at this place, no less than seventeen thousand contracts were made at the office for the sale of congress lands.—The society in this town, like that in most other parts of America is of a very heterogeneous kind. The characteristic features are as various as the discordant parts of which it is composed. Here are parsimonious Dutch, prodigal Irish, and volatile French, with a mongrel breed of selfish and profligate Americans. Much time must elapse before these jarring atoms can coalesce into a consistent mass, so as to form any thing like a unity of national character. Mr. A. says that the town of Cincinnati is built on the site of an Indian settlement of great extent and antiquity. Our traveller here mentions a curious fact; from which he deduces some inferences to which we do not suppose that all our readers will readily assent.—Some workmen digging for a well, after penetrating to the depth of sixty feet without finding any water, came to a substance which obstructed the prosecution of their labours. On clearing the surface they discovered the object to be the 'stump of a tree which had been cut down with an axe. The incisions of an axe were perfectly visible, and *'the chips made by its action, lay scattered about its roots.'* Hence our traveller argues.

'1st. That the tree was undoubtedly antediluvian.

'2nd. That the river now called the Ohio did not exist anterior to the deluge, in as much as the remains of the tree were found firmly rooted, in their original position, several feet below the bed of that river.

' 3d. That America was peopled before the flood, as appears from the action of the axe, and the cutting down of the tree.

' 4th. That the antediluvian Americans were acquainted with the use and properties of iron, of the advantage and knowledge of which the flood deprived their descendants, and from which it would appear that the same flood swept off every individual from whom that knowledge might be derived.'

After passing through a delightful country Mr. A. reached the town of Drayton, which is situated on a point of land formed by the junction of the Mad and the great Miami rivers. He rode forty miles up the right bank of the Mad river, and returned by the left, and says that he

' never beheld a tract of land so favored by nature, and so susceptible of improvement by art. Nearly the whole tract is a chain of prairies partially obscured from each other by groves of magnificent trees, and shrubberies diffusing every species of perfume, and exhibiting the bloom and radiance of every flower. Among the trees the splendid magnolia and tulip are found, and among the shrubs are seen, the althea, arbutus, honey-locust, and various other aromatics. The uncultivated portions of the prairies abound in flowers of such luxuriance and height, that, in riding through, it is often necessary to turn them from the face with the whip; and the general herbage, plants, and flowers, rise to the saddle skirts. The most conspicuous flowers were, the geranium, holy-oak, and passion-flower, to which the sweet pea and many blossoming creepers ran up and closely adhered. These prairies were formerly the favorite resort of buffaloes, but the wanton carnage committed among their droves, has made them retreat and pass indignant to less savage lands. Some few herds of deer still linger in their favorite haunt, and at this season browse in safety under the protection of the pasture which effectually covers them from sight. The little humming birds alone retain their empire over the flowery waste; like bees, they fly from blossom to blossom, nor heed the traveller who stops to admire their burnished plumage and diminutive structure, displaying in their nature the utmost harmony in expression, and the greatest chastity in taste.'

' The banks of the river are settling with unparalleled success, and the title of all the adjacent lands is already bought up from Congress by individuals and by speculators, who propose selling again at an advanced price. Most of the prairie-grounds are now as high as from twenty to fifty dollars per acre, and the wood-land adjoining the river sells at from five to sixteen dollars per acre. I visited at least one hundred farms, and found the inhabitants in the possession of abundance of every common necessary, and every absolute comfort essential to a modest and unassuming life. Nor does their situation or temptations suggest any desires but what may be gratified by the humble means within their reach. There appeared no manner of

discontent among them, and no material difference of rank or fortune to excite it. You, who have been always accustomed to the refinement of luxury, will scarce be able to conceive how these settlers, with no other clothing than coarse home-made apparel, with no other shelter but a log house constructed with the rudest art, and with no food but of the coarsest kind, and destitute of coffee, tea, wine, and foreign spirits, can enjoy any happiness; and yet, as I observed, to judge from their manners, language, and external appearance, their state may be envied by the wealthy of the most refined nations, because their forgetfulness or ignorance of extravagant desires and vicious pursuits, excludes every wish beyond their present situation, and leaves them virtuous and happy.

The first intimation which the author received of the approach to Louisville, was, he says, the roaring of the falls, which reached him at the distance of fifteen miles. The town stands about two miles above the falls, on a high and level bank of the Ohio. The prospect is said to be beautiful; but the unhealthfulness of the situation represses the hope that the town will continue to flourish or increase. Louisville is seventy miles from Lexington, and about seven hundred by land from Philadelphia. The inhabitants are said to be universally addicted to gambling and drinking; the predominance of which vices is strongly indicative of selfishness and barbarism. Were we to judge of the stock of American virtue from the representations of Mr. Ashe, or of other travellers, we should pronounce it to be very small. In Letter XXIX. the author gives an account of no less than thirty-eight species of snakes, which must be truly terrible to those who reside in the vicinity of these dangerous reptiles.

In Letter XXXI. Mr. A. describes a cave, which he discovered in a rock on the bank of the Ohio a little above the water when high. The entrance was shaded by catalpa trees. Our traveller resolved to explore it. He found it to be a hundred feet long, and forty feet high. The entrance is a semicircular arch of ninety feet at its base, and forty-five in its perpendicular. The floor is level to the centre, and rises in steps to the sides, like seats in the pit of a theatre. The walls exhibit many hieroglyphics, in the Indian manner. In the centre of the roof the author discerned a perpendicular passage of fourteen feet through which he ascended into an apartment of greater magnitude. The roof, which was supported by natural pillars, seemed wrought out into innumerable figures and ornaments, which were formed by perpetual distillations of a petrifying stream. At the end of the cave there was a descent to another of very

great depth. One part of this gloomy apartment was filled with a heap of human bones, and some forming a complete skeleton. Some of these persons must have been murdered, and others probably died of want. Mr. A. whose light had gone out, fired a pistol for his trusty Indian who was below, to attend. Beams of light issued from the lower cave and in a moment after his Indian appeared, 'rising through the orifice with a torch in one hand, and a sabre in the other, and exclaiming, *okima, okima, sanguitehe*, my chief, my chief, have a strong heart.' The gloom receded from the rising light, the columns displayed their massy forms, and the ample roof showed its glittering distillations. In a recess in the side of this cave the author found a low passage through which he made his way, as he says, into 'a deadlike asylum.' Here he had been but a short time when he tells us that his torch grew dim, that a smell of sulphur affected his senses, that the air of the place took fire, and that all hell seemed to burst on his view, when he 'made but one spring to the passage through which he entered and escaped mangled and bruised.'

The hieroglyphics which Mr. A. discovered in the lower cave were, he says, the following :

'The sun, in different stages of rise and declension.—The moon under various phases.—A snake, representing an orb, biting his tail.—A viper.—A vulture.—Buzzards tearing out the bowels of a prostrate man.—A panther held by the ears, by a child.—A crocodile.—Several trees and shrubs.—A fox.—A curious kind of Hydra serpent.—Two doves.—Many bears.—Several scorpions.—An eagle.—An owl.—Some quails.—Eight representations of animals, which are now unknown, but whose former existence I before asserted, from the character and number of bones I have already described to have been found. Three out of the eight are like the elephant in all respects except the tusk and tail. Two more resemble the tyger, one a wild boar, another a sloth, and the last appears a creature of fancy, being a quadrumane instead of a quadrupede; the claws being alike, and in the act of conveying something to the mouth, which lay in the centre of the monster; and several fine representations of men and women, not naked, but clothed in a manner which bespoke in the Indian, much of the costume of Greece and Rome.'

Our traveller concludes that the vault where these hieroglyphics were found constituted formerly 'a place of worship and a sanctuary of Indian priests.' Those huge animals called Mammoth, formerly inhabited the Tennessee, where their remains are often found. After leaving the Tennessee the author passed a short time at the Shawanee village

which consists of about thirty families. The Shawanees formerly exhibited a numerous population, who were able to maintain a stubborn contest with the Americans. They were the first among the Indians who raised the hatchet, and the last who buried it in the ground. The great reduction of their numbers may be ascribed more to the use of spirituous liquors than to the destruction of the sword. Four millions of Indians are said about forty years ago to have inhabited the Ohio and the tributary streams; but this once mighty assemblage has sunk to about two thousand, who live in places allotted to them by the states. It is not probable that America will long preserve any of her aboriginal inhabitants. This conclusion is warranted by the experience of the past.

Mr. A. says that the faces of the women among the Shawanees,

‘are handsome, and their hands beautifully small; their eyes are large and black; the hair also black: their teeth as white as ivory, and their breath as pure as the air they imbibe.’—‘The diet consists of roast and boiled meats, soups, and fish of various sorts. I could not discover that they employed either salt or spices in their dishes. They are very healthy, and are exempt from many diseases afflicting those who use salt and spices immoderately. They are never troubled with the palsy, dropsy, gout, asthma, gravel, or stone.’

The author tells us that purges and sweats, caused by vegetable decoctions, are the favourite remedies for all Indian disorders; and that the Shawanees seldom pass ten days, whether they be in good or bad health, without procuring an artificial perspiration. The village of the Shawanees has a public bath, in which six may perspire at a time. It is a hut, the floor of which is an oven heated from the outside with cedar, gum, and spice-woods. The heat is admitted through two small perforations in the floor. Our traveller says that he made trial of this odorous perspiratory, the effect of which was at first the utmost degree of relaxation, but which he afterwards found beneficial.

At the nuptial ceremony of the Shawanees:

‘The lovers break a small stick in pieces and give the fragments to their friends, who keep them as evidence of the marriage, which cannot, while the stick can be put together, be denied.’—The wedding over, the bride is conducted to her parents’ home, where she is visited by her husband till she bears a child; and if that event does not take place in the ordinary course of time, the parents assemble, collect the bits of broken sticks, see that they fit together, and then dissolve the marriage, by committing the testimony to the flames.’

Other reasons for the dissolution of the connubial contract are said to be allowed. But the facility of divorce is not stated to produce any laxity of manners; for it is said that the woman would suffer death rather than defile the nuptial bed.

'A married woman made this beautiful reply to a person who met her in the woods, and implored her to love and look on him. Oulamar, *who is for ever before my eyes*, hinders me from seeing you or any other person.'

In Letter XXXIV. our author enters the Mississippi, which 'in awful grandeur crosses the mouth of the Ohio and backed the water up against the stream.' The source of the Mississippi is, including its windings, three thousand miles from the sea. 'The mean velocity of its current may be computed to be four miles an hour. During its floods, which are as periodical as those of the Nile, the largest vessels may descend.' In Letter XXXVIII. the attention of our traveller was strongly excited by moans and shrieks, as if proceeding from persons in distress, but which the author discovered at last to issue from a host of alligators, which ran along the shore or swam near the boat. Mr. A. and his servant shot one of these animals, which flounced in the water, roared like thunder and rushed to the shore, where it expired. The death of this monster was succeeded by low and plaintive cries, which issued from sixteen or seventeen young ones, who ran about the lifeless body in grievous agitation.

In Letters XLI. XLII. XLIII. the author communicates numerous particulars respecting New Orleans, which the great space we have already devoted to this article, will not suffer us to detail. We shall only remark that, whatever may be the fertility of the soil, the mortality, which is so great as to destroy on an average nine strangers out of ten soon after their arrival, and leaves to those who survive, nothing but a shattered constitution and a debilitated frame, must operate to deter any considerate person from settling in a place, so fatal to the health of its inhabitants.

We have read these travels with a good deal of pleasure; and we can recommend them as containing no small share of information and amusement.

ART. IV.—*A Collection of scarce and valuable Tracts, on the most interesting and entertaining Subjects. But chiefly such as relate to the History and Constitution of these Kingdoms. Selected from an infinite Number in print and manuscript, in the Royal, Cotton, Sion, and other public, as well as private, Libraries: particularly that of the late Lord Somers. The second Edition, revised, augmented, and arranged, by Walter Scott, Esq. Vol. 1. 4to. pp. 630. Cadell. 1809.*

HAVING no personal acquaintance with the celebrated editor of this work, it would be only impertinent in us to claim the privilege, which is assumed by some of his avowed critical friends, of questioning him concerning the assignment of his name to an office generally regarded as of inferior importance in the literary state, of wondering how he can reconcile to himself his descent from the lofty walks of poesy to the humble department of 'revising, augmenting, and arranging' the works of others, or of lamenting that he should waste his valuable time and his transcendent talents in pursuits so apparently ill-suited to his genius. It appears to us, indeed, that the zeal manifested by some persons on these, and the like occasions is very much misplaced; and that it is entirely Mr. Scott's own concern, and not that of his extremely kind and well-meaning advisers, in what manner he employs his time, and to what subjects he directs his attention. At least we conceive it to be our business, on the present occasion, to enquire only into the mode in which he has executed his proposed task, and not at all into his motives for undertaking it.

We have regretted, on a former occasion, that a work concerning which it may be questioned whether it is, in its present shape, more important or disgraceful to our national literature, (we mean the Harleian Miscellany) should have fallen into the hands of a gentleman, doubtless well qualified in point of knowledge and acquirements to clear it of its accumulated mass of rubbish, and to give arrangement and consistency to its disordered bulk, but who, from a mistaken delicacy, an indiscriminate attachment to antiquity, or a culpable supineness and indolence, has utterly neglected the opportunity offered of most essentially serving the true interests of learning in the execution of the task he had undertaken. In the present instance we are pleased to find less occasion for censure, and a fairer ground on which to claim the praises due to a laborious editor. In the first

place the collection so long familiar to the readers of English history under the name of Somers's Tracts, of which this is a republication, is, upon the whole, more select than the Harleian miscellany; and, therefore, although Mr. Scott, like Mr. Park, has feared to offend the reigning taste, or rather passion, of the present age, by weeding the collection before him, yet, as it stood less in need of such an operation than the other, the omission of a sacrifice, which we are very sorry he has not had the courage to make, is not of so much consequence in the present as in the former instance. In the next place, the great and overpowering defect which we principally dwelt upon in our remarks concerning the Harleian collection, the total absence and *systematic* neglect of arrangement, a vice, of which the first edition of the Somers' tracts partook equally with the other publication, Mr. Scott has judiciously remedied; and if any objections remain to the publication as it now stands, upon that head, they must be rather to particular instances than to the general mode adopted, and of a very trifling nature, and immaterial to the real utility of the work.

'The present edition,' says Mr. Scott, 'has been arranged on the following principles.

'I. A chronological classification and division of the tracts under the reigns of the different monarchs of England, regulating the precedence of the essays by the date of the subject rather than of publication. As there are but few tracts prior to the reign of Elizabeth, these are thrown together without subdivision, as preliminary to the collection.

'II. From the time of Elizabeth downwards, the tracts of each reign are divided, according to their subjects, into four classes, under the distinct heads of ecclesiastical, civil, military, and miscellaneous. The last division is intended to contain all those pamphlets which do not naturally belong to any of the preceding branches of history. It must be obvious that, although the lines of distinction here laid down are, generally speaking, plain and decided, yet some tracts, from the variety of subjects of which they treat, may be ascribed, with equal propriety, to more than one class. Where such occasion of doubt occurred, the editor has exercised the best of his judgement; and any mistake he has committed may be rectified by reference to the table of contents, and the index.

'III. The tracts in each subdivision are arranged, either with reference to the subjects which they regard, or, where totally unconnected, in the order of chronology.'

Besides making this arrangement (an operation, the labour of which is certainly much outweighed by its utility) the remaining acts of editorship performed by Mr. Scott on the present occasion, consist of the historical introductions pre-

fixed by him to most of the pieces in the book, after the example of those in the Harleian Miscellany, the occasional notes and illustrations which he has added at the bottom of the pages; and, lastly, of a very few additional pieces which have been inserted by him on account of their rarity or of their connection with some of those in the original miscellany.

Of these additions we shall give some account in the first place.

1st. "Injunctions given by the queene's majestie concerning both the clergy and laity of this realme. Published A. D. 1559. 1 Eliz."—These were the injunctions framed by the committee of divines which queen Elizabeth appointed in the first year of her reign for "the alteration of religion; and they are reprinted," says Mr. Scott,

'from a copy bearing date 1641, and having prefixed a copperplate of queen Elizabeth, with this motto beneath her titles:

She was, she is, what can there more be said,
In Earth, the first, in Heaven the second maid.

'This couplet, according to Granger, is the last of an inscription upon a cenotaph of queen Elizabeth, which was in Bow-church, though Cibber has published the lines as written by Budgell.'

Budgell was certainly guilty of something like an Irish blunder, when he purloined this couplet, in applying it to queen Anne, a wife and mother. But perhaps he was, strictly speaking, not more mistaken than the original inventor, who assigned it to *the Virgin Gloriana*. This, at least, appears pretty clearly to be the opinion of Sir Robert Naunton, the entertaining author of 'Fragmenta Regalia,' a piece in this same collection.

2d. 'A true copy of the Proclamation, &c. for the declaring of the sentence against the queene of Scots.'

This is extracted from Hollinshed's Chronicle, and might as well have been let alone; since Hollinshed *now* will certainly be in the possession of as many persons as have Somers's Tracts.

3d. 'The Actions of the Low Countries—by Sir Roger Williams, knight,' of which more presently.

4th. The true report of the lamentable death of William of Nassawe, Prince of Orange; who was trayterouslie slayne with a dagge, in his owne courte, by Balthaser Serache, a Burgunian, the first of July 1584. Herein is expressed the murderer's confession, and in what manner he was executed, upon the tenth of the same month; whose death was not of sufficient sharpness for such a caytife, and yet too sowre for any Christian. Printed at Middelborowgh, by Derick van Kespeawe, A. 1584.'

5th. 'A Packe of Spanish Lyes,' &c. &c. This is taken from the Harleian Miscellany, without any apology or reason assigned. Mr. Scott will probably allege that it is an useful illustration of some of the preceding papers; but the same excuse would hold for reprinting out of one collection into the other all pieces contained in the one that afford any illustration to any of the pieces contained in the other, or, in a word, for blending the two miscellanies together throughout.

6th and last. 'The Image of Ireland,' &c. made and devised by Jhon Derricke anno 1578; or, rather, to give the full title of this very singular piece of political poetry,

'The Image of Ireland, with a Discovery of Woodkarne, wherein is most lively expressed the Nature and Qualitie of the said wilde Irish Woodkarne; their notable aptnesse, celeretic, and pronesse to rebellion; and, by way of argument is manifested their originall and offspring, their descent and pedigree: also their habit and apparel is there plainly shewne. The execrable life and miserable death, of Rorie Roge, that famous arch-traitour to God and the crowne (otherwise called Rorie Oge) is likewise described. Lastlie, the coming in of Thirlaghe Leonaghe, the great O'Neale of Ireland, with the effects of his submission to the Right Honourable Sir Henry Sidney (lord deputie of the said land) is thereto adjoyned. Made and devised by Jhon Derricke, anno 1578, and now published, and set forth by the saied authour, this present yeare of our Lorde, 1581, for pleasure and delight of the well disposed reader. Imprinted at London by Jhon Dait. 1581. (12mo. Black letter.)'

Our readers in general will, we conceive, be better satisfied with Mr. Scott's observation's prefixed to this piece, and some of the very amusing notes which he has added by way of illustration, than by any extracts from the poem itself, which, as may be expected, is full of 'pripple-prapple and affectations' according to the courtly conceit of the age, and will afford entertainment to none who are not disposed to read it through for the sake of the curious information with which it abounds.

Mr. Scott begins by informing us that nothing more is known of the author than that he was a follower of Sir Henry Sidney whose praises are principally celebrated in the poem. He then proceeds.

'Sir Henry Sidney, as we have formerly had occasion to notice, served in Ireland eleven years, and with great honour to himself, and profit to queen Elizabeth; being no less attentive to the regular administration of justice, than prudent in preventing, and active in putting down, rebellion. He was thrice lord deputy of the kingdom; yet he bade Ireland farewell with the expression of the psalmist,

'when Israel departed out of Egypt, and the house of Jacob, from a barbarous people.' Those who shall peruse the following very curious tract, making every allowance for the national and religious prejudices of the writer, will see no reason to sympathize with the feelings of the worthy lord deputy. For partly through native barbarism, partly through the cruelty and impolicy of the English conquerors, the inhabitants of Ireland, in Queen Elizabeth's time, those at least who resided beyond the English pale, were little better than tribes of absolute savages. The lord deputy lived like the general of an invading army in an hostile country, rather than the civil governor of a peaceful and allied province. The earl of Kildare gave a lively picture of the life of an English nobleman in Ireland, when Wolsey, before the council, taunted him as king of Kildare. 'As for my kingdom,' quoth he, 'my lord, I would you and I had exchanged kingdoms for one month, I would trust to gather up more crumbs in that space than twice the revenues of my poor earldom; but you are well and warm, and so hold you, and upbraid not me after so odious a form. I sleep in a cabin, when you lie soft upon a bed of down; and serve under the cope of heaven when you are served under a canopy. I drink water out of my steel cap, when ye drink wine out of golden cups. My courser is trained to the field, when your jennet is taught to amble. When you are be-graced and be-lorded, and crouched and kneeled unto, then find I small grace from our Irish borderers, unless I cut them short by the knees.' No man followed this perilous and painful duty more closely than Sir Henry Sidney, insomuch that he wasted the best part of his life and totally destroyed an excellent constitution, in the Irish wars. The praise of Derricke was but a poor compensation for the dreadful state of health to which he seems to have been reduced by the hard lodging, miserable diet, broken rest, and, above all, constant anxiety of mind which attended his Irish campaigns. But the service rendered to that distracted country, were a better reward for his own sufferings. He subdued three formidable rebellions; the first, by Shane O'Neale; the second, by the Butters, the third by the earl of Clanrickard and his sons. In peace, he put the statutes in force against the illegal and oppressive exactions of *coigne* and *livery*, as they were called. He devised and enforced, under very difficult circumstances, the division of the kingdom into regular shires so as to compel the regular currency of the queen's writs. He fortified the towns of Ireland; bridged her rivers; secured and preserved her records; tamed and civilized her inhabitants. The administration of public justice he rendered more equal; and, by the most rigid attention to his word, he laid the best foundation for public security and confidence, by establishing as inviolable the faith of the chief magistrate. 'In these services,' says his secretary Molineux, 'he spent his youth and his whole life; sold his lands, and consumed much of his patrimony, without fee or reward.' Such was Sir H. Sidney, to whom the image of Ireland is inscribed. He died at Ludlow, on the 5th of March 1586, aged only 57.

'The plan of Derrick's poem is far from being regular, or even intelligible. The first part is a description of Ireland, in which he

gives an allegorical description of the inhabitants, characterising the women as seductive nymphs, with all the beauty, and all the deceit of syrens; and the men as a sort of fawns, or sylvan deities, quartered by the gods in Ireland as an out-post, which ought to be garrisoned, lest the giants should renew an attack upon Olympus. The wit or propriety of this allegory, it is difficult to discover; and indeed, it is probable that the author, like better poets, being determined to say something fine, was indifferent whether it were comprehensible or not. It must be owned at the same time that the wild, shaggy, half-naked appearance of the Irish Kerne, strongly recalled the idea of satyrs. Cleland has a century later, described the Highlanders, who resembled the native Irish in dress, language, and manners, by the same simile:

‘Like fawns, or brownies, if ye will,
Or satyrs come from Atlas’ hill.’

‘The second part of the poem is more intelligible, and contains a singular, and highly unfavourable, yet but too just, account of the Wood-Kerne, or native Irish in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Not only were they behind all Europe, at least two centuries, in civilization; but the military oppression under which they groaned, added degradation to their natural ignorance and barbarism. The conquest of a civilized people over savages, is seldom to the advantage of the latter, when the disproportion between their attainments is so great as to destroy hope of successful imitation by the vanquished. In such cases they not only retain all the vices natural to their own state, but add to them those of their victors. When Dr. Johnson asked a clergyman of the islands, which clans were accounted the most savage? he answered readily, those which lay nearest to the Lowlands. In this situation were the native Irish, the prey of a people superior to them in the arts of peace, in which they never endeavoured to instruct them; and in those of war, which they taught them to their cost, the objects at once of hatred and of envy; and, at the same time, so few, in comparative numbers, that even the terror of their discipline and arms did not exclude the hope of their final extirpation.’

This is a melancholy picture—but how much more melancholy is it that two centuries should have passed away since it was painted, and that it still bears such strong marks of resemblance to the existing truth? How much more melancholy is it to reflect that the proud and selfish conquerors, progressively advancing themselves, and by very rapid strides in knowledge and in all the arts of civilization, should still, blind to their real interests, have disdained to impart any one of the valuable blessings they enjoy to those whom they had rather hold under an uneasy and precarious subjection than bind by the surer cords of friendship, gratitude, and reciprocal advantage? But it is idle to waste breath on a subject,

the merits of which, though self-evident to the grossest and dullest comprehension, have been repeatedly stated with all the strength of sound reasoning and piercing ridicule, without making the slightest impression on the bulwarks of inveterate prejudice, fortified by blind bigotry, paltry self-interest, and the cowardly fear of change.

Let us leave this ungrateful subject, and present our readers with a few more extracts from Mr. Scott, which will give them much more pleasure than any strictures of ours on so unfashionable and unpalatable an argument.

The two parts of 'the Image of Ireland' are followed, as the title page expresses it, by 'the execrable life and lamentable death of Rorie Roke,' &c. concerning whom Mr. Scott has collected the following articles of information.

'Rorie, or Roderick Oge M'More, whose plundering feats and distresses Derrick here commemorates, was a Leinster chief, who gave the lord deputy, Sir Henry Sidney, a great deal of trouble. Being distinguished for courage and ability, and thus highly qualified to be a leader of wood-kerne, he set up some title to the county of Kilkenny, under pretext of which he committed every sort of violence. In December 1575, however, he found it necessary to submit to the lord deputy, whom, for that purpose, he attended in the cathedral church of Kilkenny. Sidney endeavoured to exhort him to a better course of living, for a worse than that he already led he could hardly chuse, and dismissed him upon promise of fair amendment, but under a threat, that if he ever again acted upon that aspiring imagination of having a title to the county, he should lose land and life. But in a month or two after his submission, Rorie Oge again assumed arms, and with his kinsman, Cormac Mac Cormac O'Connor, burned the town of Naas, consisting of seven or eight hundred houses to the ground. The Chronicle of Holinshed described him as sitting in state on the market-cross during the conflagration, while his followers ran through the town like madmen, setting fire to the thatch of the houses. To revenge this outrage, and his other acts of insolence, the lord deputy pursued him so closely, and assailed him so frequently, that, to use his own expression, never was rebel better followed. Yet Rorie Oge, by personal activity, and the favour of his friends and countrymen in Leinster, and its frontiers, evaded every attempt to secure his person. 'Touching the rebel Rorie Oge, and his complices,' says the lord deputy, in a letter to the council, 'it is strange that the prosecution of him, having been so fervent, his escapes so beyond all opinion, the execution so bloody, by cutting of his company from five hundred to fifty men, which are now all his remain at the uttermost; these also distressed by lacke of victuals, nor daring to abyde in any place of the Irish counties, nor the borders adjoining, no not so long scarce as they may relieve themselves with one meal's meat; that nevertheless they find favor

in the Pale and other English counties, and namely Catterlaugh, and Kilkenny, and do some outrages without hue or cry, or any following of any other person in effect, than of the English soldiers in your majesty's army, which have and do so hunt him, as there is small opinion conceived of his continuance in any ability to do hurt.' The rebel chief, thus reduced to utter extremity, shortly after fell in a skirmish with the followers of the earl of Upper Ossory, an Irish nobleman, of which the lord deputy sends the following account to the council, in a letter dated 1 July 1578. 'This day, in the morning, word was brought me of the killing of the rebel Rorie Oge Omoore, who, although sondrie times before he hath been so hotly pursued, and so hardly sett to, as leaving targett, skull, sword, mantle, and all, he hath escaped beyond all expectation, either by swiftness of his footmanship, or else rather (if it be lawfull so to deem) by sorcery or enchantment; for nere wretch being so long and earnestly followed, hath continued on foot so long; yet now in the end he is chanced by a devise of his own he laid to entrapp others (as it is given forth) into the hands of them he sought to betray, which was on this sort: On the 29th of June, Rorie put forth a spiall, which he had framed up for that purpose, to go to my lord of Upper Ossory, to tell him as it were by way of great friendship and secrecy, that Rorie had been of late in the county of Kilkenny, and there had taken a great prey and spoil of pots, pans, pewter, nappery, and linen, and store of other household stuff, and implements, which easily he might come by; and, with all hazard, Rorie and all his company, (which he pretended were but few in number), so that he would attempt the matter boldly with a mean force: for, sayeth he, if you come with many, you will be discovered, and then the enterprise will quayl. My lord of Upper Ossory, neither fully believing the report of this companion, nor yet altogether mistrusting him, put himself in a readiness to follow the occasion that was presented: and coming near the place where the bait was laid (as it should seem) to have entrapped him, he sent thirty of his men into the woods to search the rebel, and he himself staid with certain horsemen, and shot in the plains, to attend the issue of this matter, and, if need were, to rescue his men he had set at work. This company were no sooner entered the woods, but the rebel shewed himself with a few in number, not exceeding twenty or twenty-four persons, the rest being in ambush: being of opinion that he carried that fame and estimation among the Irishrie for his valor, as no kerne durst venter upon him, if they once saw his presence; wherein he found himself very much deceived. For, at first view, the lord of Upper Ossory's kerne gave the first charge upon him, and at their rencounter one of them light upon him, and thrust him suddenly through the body with his sword, which was no sooner done but two or three more likewise hacked upon him at once, and gave him such mortal wounds as down he fell: and this was the end of this rank rebel, the last day of June in the morning, who, by the maintenance of his neighbours, and supply of aid and relief of some of his friendly borderers, which he wanted not in

the time of his necessities, had so long continuance, to the charge of her majesty and the disquiet of the state. The remains he hath left are not many, &c. &c. &c.'

The other celebrated rebel mentioned in the title page under the name of '*Thyrlaghe Leonaghe, the great O'Neale of Ireland*,' is also deserving of commemoration as much as Rorie Roke; and we shall not perhaps be thought to extend this article further than is right, if we add to our former extracts the account given by Sidney of that leader's submission.

'O'Neale, here mentioned,' says Mr. Scott, 'was distinguished by the name of Tirlough Leineagh. He succeeded to the title of the O'Neale upon the death of his cousin Shane, who exercised all the authority of a king, or rather tyrant of Ulster. At length, becoming odious even to the native Irish chiefs, they solicited Sir Henry Sidney, in 1565, to march against him. Shane O'Neale, being defeated, fled for shelter to a body of the Hebridean Scots, who were then in Ireland in a character somewhat between invaders and settlers. O'Neale was at first courteously received; but, in their cups, chancing to recall to memory an ancient feud, in which O'Neale had slain one of their brothers, Alister Oge, Surly Buy, and other Highlanders, fell upon him, and cut him to pieces with their broad-swords. Tirlough Leineagh then, by the Irish tanistry law, succeeded to the chieftainship, and continued for some time in rebellion against the lord deputy. Early, however, in November 1568, he was so closely pressed by O'Donnel, M'Guire, the Highland Scots of Clandebay, and other enemies, that he thought to make submission to Sidney, but not in such humble sort as could be accepted of. In 1576, the lord deputy went as far as Newry, to have a personal interview with O'Neale, who nevertheless made excuses, and came not to the meeting, being deterred by the artifices of his wife, who was a Scotch Highlander or Isleswoman, and an enemy to the English. But in the following year, in the month of August, either this evil counsellor was divorced, or else had changed her note; for Sidney gives the following account of the absolute and unconditional submission of Tirlough Leineagh O'Neale, at Newrie:—'And during the time of my abode there, Tirlough Leineagh came unto me in humble and dutiful manner, shewing such tokens of obedience, and loyalty, as greater could not be found in a subject, (far above his training,) offering to do such service upon the Scots, or any others, where I should direct him, as the like offer hath not been made unto me by any of his sort, since my government. And his simple, and plain manner of proceeding was such, as coming thither chiefly to seek justice at my hands, and redress of such injuries as had been offered him; he exhibited his petitions in writing, wherein, and in all the rest of his proceedings, I found him so conformable to reason, and so yielding to order, as greater conformity I have not found, at any time, in any Irishman. He remained with me there some few days, while his causes

were in hand, without hostage, pledge, or protection; and in the end delivered me a letter, addressed to your majesty from him, and besought me that I would accompany the same, with my commendations to your highness: which, in troth, madam, I think he hath very well deserved. His petitions be to be created into some degree of honour, and that his son may be made a baron, and he to have some entertainment and stipend from your majesty, such as you shall think him worthy of, to inbathle him the better to serve against the Scot or any other rebel, where he shall be directed by the governor. And for better proof of his loyalty and fidelity, he hath since his departing from me, made a journey, upon the Scots and killed Sorley Boys' son and his brother, so that I am to crave your majesty to answer a resolution for him. And for this order of obedience, and dutiful manner of proceeding, I humbly beseech your majesty to bestow a garment upon him, as a token of your favour.

'We know not whether the lady of O'Neale received the promised garment,' or what other mode was used to keep the chief to his obedience: but it is evident that Turlough Leineagh never rebelled against the deputy, but lived and died in union with the English, and only indulged his military inclinations by warring upon the Scots who had slain his predecessor Shane O'Neale.'

In justice to the memory of Mr. Derrick, of whose poetical talents we fear our slight notice of them is calculated to give our readers an unfavourable impression, we shall insert the beginning stanzas of this division of his work, in which, amidst much of the affectation of the age, there is some of the true spirit of poetry, and a harmony of numbers equal to Spenser's. More of the same nature may doubtless be discovered by a patient reader in other parts of the poem.

'If sillie beasts, long pent in drooping stale,
Or if the harte, sore pincht with chilling cold,
No mervaille, joyes to see the summer fale,
Through which the plantes, kept down in massie hold,
Their fragrant sentes and beauties may unfeld;
Or if the larke, when clouds are past away,
Te deum sings to see the sunnie day;

'Why should not man, the highest firmament
Whose thoughts did pierce, where Jove resplendent sit,
Whose outward shape the same doth represent,
As next extend for his forecasting wit,
To whom alone he only doth commit
The vastall world, with ruledom of the same,
The fish in seas, and beasts on land to tame.

'Rejoice, I say, unbound from thousand cares
From grief of mind, with sorrows overprest,

From sighing sobs, far fetcht with trilling tears,
From heaps of cares, closed up in panting breast,
From every thing that might gainsay his rest,
And now in place and stead of such annoy,
To reap at full his long-expected joy ?

The only other additional tract for the insertion of which in this collection, thanks are in our opinion justly due to Mr. Scott, is that (which we have before-mentioned) of 'The Actions of the Low Countries.' *Written by Sir Roger Williams, Knight. Printed by Humphrey Lownes for Matthew Lownes, 1618,* a most interesting paper, whether considered with reference to the events which it illustrates or to the character of him who composed it. Our limits will not admit of our entering into an examination of the tract itself which (of course) admits of no abridgment : and we shall content ourselves, on the present occasion, as on the last, with presenting to our readers Mr. Scott's introductory observations.

'Anthony a-Wood has given us the following account of the gallant author of this tract :—' Roger Williams, son of Thomas Williams of Penrose, in Monmouthshire, by Eleanor his wife, daughter of Sir William Vaughan, knight, was born in that county, of a family rather ancient than wealthy, and being from his childhood more given to military than scholastical matters, yet for form's sake he was sent to the university ; but to what house therein, unless to Brazennose, whereof one of both these names, and a Welshman, was a student in 1554, I know not. Soon after he left Oxford, he became a soldier of fortune under the duke of Alva, ran through all the degrees of military offices, was a colonel in the French and Belgic wars, and might have been sided with the best of those times, if his discretion could have but well tempered his hot furious valour, which was the reason that Queen Elizabeth would not commit any place or employment of great trust to his care. In 1586, he had the honour of knighthood conferred upon him, was then beloved of all his soldiers, and so much noted for his martial prowess, that he went beyond the commendation of the panegyric.

'Sir Roger Williams gave many distinguished marks of his courage during the wars of France and the Low Countries. In 1581, when Captain Thomas, an officer in the Spanish service, challenged General Morris to single combat, Williams, then his lieutenant, accepted the defiance in room of the general, who could not do so by the law of arms. After a trial of skill, in front of both the armies, the champions, like Hector and Ajax, parted friends, without a wound on either side, and after they had drank a hearty cup together. In 1586, our military annalist was engaged on a much more desperate service, having, while the prince of Parma's army was besieging Venloo, undertaken the daring exploit of breaking through

the enemy's camp at midnight. His companion in command was Skenk, a Frieslander. They cut their way to the prince's own tent, in the centre of the encampment; but, being out-numbered, were compelled to retreat, though with high commendation of their courage. In 1591, Sir R. Williams had the honour to serve with General Morris, in the auxiliary army sent by Elizabeth to aid Henry IV. against the Leaguers, and received high praise from that monarch, for the spirit with which he behaved on several occasions, especially at the battle of Yvecourt. But his conduct was not always so unquestionable as his valour, and more than once occasioned such havoc among his followers, as to draw down the censure of Queen Elizabeth, an economist as well of lives as of money.

'Sir Roger Williams's death is thus mentioned by Camden: 'The very same month (Dec. 1595.) died Sir Roger Williams, knight, a Welsh gentleman of the family of Penrose, Monmouthshire: He first tried his fortune in the army under the duke of Alva; and afterwards, having obtained a full and complete experience of the arts and discipline of war, he was perhaps no way inferior to the best soldiers of that age, could he have put bounds to his courage, which ran away with his conduct and discretion. It was undoubtedly by a singular excellence in him, that he was capable, upon the bare stock of experience, without the least stock of learning or education, of writing a most exquisite and judicious history of the Low Country wars, in which he was an actor, and of maintaining, as he did, in an admirable book on that subject, the art of fighting, as it is now practised, against that which was in former ages, to the great mortification of the antiquated admirers of bows and arrows. The Earl of Essex attended at his funeral, which was solemnized at St. Paul's, besides as many officers of the army as were then in town.

'No apology is necessary for the insertion of this scarce piece among the Somers' tracts. It is not only a curious record of important events, by an eye-witness and actor, but claims peculiar authority from the blunt manly style in which the old warrior details, not his successes only, but the blunders, discomfitures, and even panics, with which his warfare was chequered. There is also a humorous simplicity, with which he frequently acknowledges that his own opinion leaned to the worse, or more imprudent counsel. In short, these commentaries present a singular picture of the man, the war, and the age.'

All this, and yet more, is justly due to the tract before us, which is one of the most natural, unaffected, and interesting memoirs of the time that we have ever read, its only fault being that it breaks off abruptly while the reader is enjoying the full spirit of the narrative. It concludes with the overthrow of the Spanish fleet sent to relieve Middleburgh, soon after the appointment of Requesens to the government of the Low Countries, in which engagement it appears that Sir

Roger Williams himself was present on board the Spanish admiral. The character of 'a soldier of fortune,' is hardly known in these days, when it seems a little singular that a brave English captain after serving on the side of the patriots for a considerable time with no little glory, should appear at a subsequent period enlisted in the cause of the Spaniards. But, as he says, he happened to be travelling, 'and was loath to return to England without seeing something;' besides which, 'in those days there was no dispute betwixt her majestie and the Spanish king, to his knowledge. A soldier of fortune was, like the Italian Condottieri, ready to draw his sword in any cause, for the sake of practice; and he was more than honourable, who withheld himself from employing it in direct opposition to his natural government.

Mr. Scott's notes and illustrations are many of them very useful, and most of them entertaining; nor in general can fault be found with him on the score of authority. But he is sometimes unaccountably careless and inattentive, probably from the multitude of labours in which he is always immersed. For instance, speaking of 'John Vowell, alias Hooker, of Exeter,' author of a tract entitled 'the olde and auncient order of keeping of the Parliament in England,' (which being extracted from Holinshed's Chronicles might, for the reason we before assigned with respect to another piece from the same source, have been with great propriety omitted in the present collection), he says,

'Hooker translated Girald Barry's History of the Conquest of Ireland, and was hence enabled to add to Holinshed's labours, 'the Supply of the Irish chronicle, continued from the death of Henry VIII. 1546, until the year 1586.'

Now is it possible that Mr. Scott does not know Girald Barry, and Giraldus Cambrensis to be the same person, or not know that Giraldus Cambrensis was a contemporary of Henry the second, and consequently that no writings of his could have enabled Mr. Vowell Hooker to compile a history of transactions subsequent to Henry the eighth? The truth is that four distinct tracts are comprised in the Irish part of Holinshed's Chronicles. 1. The history of the conquest of Ireland, by Giraldus Cambrensis, translated by Hooker.—2. 'The processe of Irish affaires (beginning where Giraldus Cambrensis did end,) 'by Philip Flatsbury, down to 1370, and by Henry of Marlborough, down to 1501.'—3. 'A continuation of the Chronicles,' comprising the reign of Henry the eighth, by Stanihurst.—4. 'The Supply of the Irish Chronicle,' from the death of Henry the

eighth, to 26 Eliz: by John Vowell, alias Hooker, of the city of Exeter, Gentleman.

In one very essential, though not very dignified, branch of editorial duty, Mr. Scott has laid himself open, we think, to just and severe censure. So far from being at the pains to amend those numerous and gross errors of the press which already disfigured the collection, he has suffered them to remain untouched, and, we suspect, has not guarded against the occurrence of many more to be added to the number of the former. This is too bad, and not justifiable nor excusable upon any pretext of *reverence for antiquity* or *unwillingness to alter the ancient text*, the usual pleas for editorial idleness. The orthography of words an editor is perhaps bound not to meddle with—but we are not complaining of this.

We certainly do not object to Mr. Scott, 'as a personal disqualification for his present task,' that 'his name has been prefixed to works of a lighter and more popular nature.' This is an idea which we are convinced he has no need to deprecate in any well-informed or unprejudiced man. But if he makes use of his poetical fame as an excuse for hanging over serious business with less attention than is usually required of a dealer in simple prose, we must beg leave to say that we shall always treat, as two distinct personages, the author of *Marmion*, and the editor of *Somers' tracts*.

ART. V.—*Annals of Great Britain; from the Ascension of George III. to the Peace of Amiens. In three Volumes.* pp. 1409. 1l. 7s. Ostell. 1807.

AN accurate, circumstantial, and impartial history of the present reign can hardly be expected for fifty years to come. When the several actors in the scene have gone to their 'long home,' when the different factions which have aspired to the government have ceased, and the passions which they have excited are extinct, then may we expect that the whole truth will be spoken; that events will be referred to their true causes; that the characters of men will be justly appreciated, and that praise or censure will be equitably bestowed. Many secret memoirs, which will throw considerable light on the most important transactions, are yet deposited in the port-folios of the various actors in the political scene, not to be produced till the writers are dead, or till the court to which they relate, is peopled with new occupants.

The histories of the present reign which have yet appeared, are little more than an epitome of what has been previously detailed in the newspapers. These '*Annals of Great Britain*,' do not appear in general to have been compiled from more authentic sources of information; but the execution seems to be the work of an able and impartial mind. This is more than we can say of many similar productions.

Those who are fond of tracing events to their remote causes, have deduced many of the transactions of the present reign from the education which his majesty received when prince of Wales. That education is said to have been such as to attach his majesty to a certain set of men, and a certain set of principles for which he has ever since retained his original predilection.

* Frederic, the former prince of Wales, had unfortunately been at variance with the ministers and politics of his father, during the whole course of the late reign: in consequence, however, of the coalition of the whigs, after Sir Robert Walpole's resignation, the prince was thrown out of their interest into that of the Tories. It became, therefore, a struggle between those opposing parties, when George, prince of Wales, succeeded to the title of his father, under the influence of which the heir apparent should be educated. Upon the death of prince Frederic, that charge had been intrusted to lord Harcourt, as governor, and to the bishop of Norwich, as preceptor. Two gentlemen, Mr. Stone, brother of the primate of that name, and Mr. Scott, were recommended as sub-governor and preceptor.

* While the prince continued under the tuition of these gentlemen, at Leicester house, a party was said to have been secretly formed, of which the names and history are but obscurely known, and of which, either from want of authority to establish the proofs of its influence, or from delicacy in making free mention of persons related to the reigning sovereign, much and curious information is yet required. The princess dowager was supposed to be connected with this mysterious cabal. Lord Bute, a nobleman of great assiduity and accomplishments, who had been lord of the bed-chamber to the late prince, held undoubtedly a high place in the princess's favour: he was evidently preferred to the less courteous bishop of Norwich, and to the proud and unaccommodating lord Harcourt. These men complained of their declining influence at Leicester house, and predicted disastrous consequences to the nation from the books, the principles, the persons, and the conversation, by which the mind of the heir apparent was exposed to be biassed. It was to the duke of Newcastle that his lordship and the bishop directed their first complaints of this noxious influence at Leicester house, hoping that the Pelhams, as one of the greatest whig families in the kingdom, would assist them in repelling it. The Pelhams, however, did not at first interfere. But the duke of Bedford, after the bishop's and his

lordship's resignation of their respective trusts, attacked, in public debate, those persons by whom the lurking principles of arbitrary government were said to be infused into the prince's mind.

'Mr. Stone, the sub-governor, and Mr. Murray, afterwards lord Mansfield, of principles and politics perfectly congenial with Stone, were the persons charged in the duke's motion with being jacobites, and with inculcating jacobitical doctrines. Scott, the sub-preceptor, and Cresset, the princess dowager's secretary, shared in the same imputation. But the motion being over-ruled by the opposition of the Pelhams, who in this affair were said to be blind to the rise of that secret influence which they and other whigs had afterwards so much cause to lament, all was settled to the satisfaction of the party of Leicester house, and lord Waldegrave and the bishop of Peterborough succeeded to lord Harcourt and his colleague. Stone, Murray, and lord Bute, though not ostensibly, were confidentially in union. Lord Bath, and other supple statesmen, were admitted by the last into that inner cabinet, which, in process of time, was accused of over-ruling the measures of the nation; for lord Bute was known to coincide with lord Bath in this political opinion, 'that official men were the servants of the executive power, and not that power itself.'

'Three years afterwards, the duke of Newcastle was known to regret his former supineness, in neglecting the rising influence of the party at Leicester house. Both the duke and lord chancellor Hardwicke avowed that *their wish was now to get possession of the prince*. As if awakened from a fatal lethargy, they found themselves duped by the very men * who owed their places at Leicester house to the Pelham family's recommendation. But although they invited his royal highness to change his residence, offering him a suite of apartments at St. James's and Kensington palaces, their caution was too late to remove the established intimacy and confidence of a tory favourite. The blossom was off, and the fruit was set.'

The total change of men, and of measures, which took place at the commencement of the present reign, is at least a proof that the political principles and views of the new monarch, were different from those of his predecessor. One of the first acts of our present gracious sovereign was the dismissal of Mr. Legge the friend of Mr. Pitt, from the office of chancellor of the exchequer, and the appointment of lord Bute to the secretaryship of state, which was resigned by lord Holderness. Mr. Pitt, and lord Temple relinquished their seats in the cabinet on the 9th of October 1761. Mr. Pitt soon lowered the sublimity of his character in public estimation, by accepting a pension and a title. The office which had been held by Mr. Pitt was transferred

* Stone and Scott.

to the earl of Egremont, a man of more pliancy than his predecessor. Lord Bute is said industriously to have infused into the royal mind, an opinion that a king of this country might rule the nation by whatever minister he chose, without the support either of the leading aristocracy, or of the people. Those who contemplate the characters of the different administrations which have been appointed during the present reign, have thought that this sentiment has, ever since the year 1760, been the favourite principle. For, during a period of near fifty years, we shall find that those administrations have always been of the longest duration, and most favoured by the smiles of the court, which have been, at the same time, obnoxious to the most antient and respectable families and to the great body of the people. But those administrations which have been decidedly supported by the popular voice, and of which some of the great families, to whose ancestors the house of Hanover is indebted for the throne, have formed a part, are supposed to have obtained a very unwelcome admission into the cabinet; and the first favourable opportunity is thought to have been cheerfully embraced for their expulsion.

Hence, as the men and the measures of the great majority of the different administrations during the last half century have been adverse both to the sentiments of the antient aristocracy and of the people; a substitute has most diligently been sought for this natural support, in the extension of INFLUENCE. This influence has indeed been so prodigiously increased, and by such a complicated variety of means been so diffused through all the nerves, veins, and arteries of the state, that the very life of the body politic, is supposed to be identified with the continuance. But at length we seem to have arrived at this perilous alternative, when the state must either put an end to this influence, or when this influence will put an end to the state.

In 1762, lord Bute became not only the actual, but the ostensible prime minister by the resignation of the duke of Newcastle, who found himself only a cypher in the cabinet.

‘ A pension was offered to the aged duke; he replied that since his services were no longer useful to the state, he was determined never to be a burthen to it.’

Lord Bute in vain endeavoured to exemplify his own counsels to the sovereign, and to prove that a minister, who possesses the favour of the crown, may despise that of the people. That influence which has since formed an efficient shield for any administration, however incapable, had not then been so widely extended, nor so firmly established as

it has been in later times. In 1763, 'to the astonishment of all, the earl of Bute suddenly resigned his place of first lord of the treasury, and retired from public business.' The real reason of this retirement has not yet been satisfactorily explained; and perhaps the secret motive has not yet been divulged. If the cause which has been assigned by Mr. Adolphus, in his history of this reign, be true, the resignation of this nobleman, who still possessed the favour of his sovereign, must have been occasioned by some consciousness of the latent hostility of his colleagues in the cabinet, and the dread of being abandoned by treachery to the popular resentment.

The honourable George Grenville succeeded to the office of lord Bute. It was during the administration of this gentleman that the question of general warrants was so warmly agitated, and that the impolitic attempt was made to tax America under the form of a stamp-act, which finally led to the total separation of the United States from the dominion of the mother country. The administration of Mr. G. Grenville was of short continuance. It had excited the resentment of lord Bute, who was at this time generally supposed to be the secret mover of the political machine. After this, several negotiations were set on foot with Mr. Pitt and lord Temple, for the formation of a new ministry, but which had not at that time a favourable termination. His majesty at last gave full power to his uncle the duke of Cumberland to select what persons he chose as the members of the cabinet.

'The duke of Newcastle, the marquis of Rockingham, and their friends, thought it their duty to accept of his royal highness's invitation. The duke of Grafton and general Conway were made secretaries of state, the management of the house of commons being intrusted to the latter. Mr. Dowdeswell was named chancellor of the exchequer, and the earl of Hertford lord-lieutenant of Ireland. As the leading members of this cabinet were avowedly men of whig principles, the tide of popular favour was expected to flow in upon them. One of their first acts was to bestow a peerage upon the lord-chief-justice of the common pleas, a strenuous friend of liberty, who, to the general satisfaction of the nation, received that dignity by the title of lord Camden. Unfortunately for the new ministry, the illustrious character to whom they owed their nomination continued but for a short time to aid them with his influence and advice. In less than four months after their appointment the duke of Cumberland was cut off by a sudden death. The country deplored his loss as a general misfortune; for in politics his royal highness was a firm supporter of those pure principles upon which his family had ascended the throne. His patriotism was sincere. In military fame he was one of those commanders to whose abilities fortune seemed not

to have done justice, having seldom favoured him with victory; yet among judges of military merit, he was held in high esteem, his talents having been conspicuous in many instances, where he had to combat with superior numbers, and to save himself in disastrous circumstances.'

The marquis of Rockingham and his associates, who appear to have been men of the best intentions, had recourse to a plan for conciliating America; but which, unhappily, was only a *half-measure*, and like most *half measures* entirely failed of its end. It left more ill-will remaining than it appeased; and it added the feeling of contempt to that of resentment. It was proposed to withdraw the tax but to retain the principle: to assert the right, but, for the present, to abandon the exercise. In the inflamed and irritable state of the colonies nothing could be more unwise. This indecisive proceeding excited the severe animadversion of Mr. Pitt. We shall quote a part of his speech on the occasion, because it includes a prediction relative to a certain decayed part of the constitution, which is not even yet unlikely to be realized.

'The distinction between taxation and legislation is essentially necessary to liberty. The crown and the peers are equally legislative powers with the commons. If taxation be a part of simple legislation, the peers have rights in taxation as well as yourselves; rights which they will claim, which they will exercise, whenever the principle can be supported by power. There is an idea in some, that the colonies are virtually represented in the house. I would fain know by whom an American is represented here. Is he represented by a knight of the shire in any country in this kingdom? Would to God that respectable representation was augmented to a greater number. Or will you tell him that he is represented by any representative of a borough: of a borough which, perhaps, its own representatives never saw? This is what is called the rotten part of the constitution. It cannot continue a century. If it does not drop it must be amputated. The idea of a virtual representation of America in this, is the most contemptible idea that ever entered into the head of any man; it does not deserve a serious refutation.'

The whig ministry of lord Rockingham, though composed of many most respectable characters, was of short duration. The repeal of the stamp-act is said to have been particularly disagreeable to the sovereign and the faction which was headed by lord Bute.

'The dissolution of lord Rockingham's ministry was begun by the defection of its own principal members. Mr. Conway coinciding with Mr. Pitt in his views respecting American politics, joined him with all his influence. The duke of Grafton resigned his office

of state-secretary, on finding Mr. Pitt's assistance positively refused to the support of the party. His attachment to the great commander he avowed publicly in the house of lords, declaring that 'he had no objection to the persons or the measures of the ministers he had recently acted with, but that he thought they wanted strength and efficiency to command success. He knew but one man who could give them that strength and solidity, (meaning Mr. Pitt); that under him he should be willing to serve in any capacity, not only as a general officer, but as a pioneer, and would take up a spade and a mattock.' The prospect of a new administration deterred even the candidates for public employments from accepting them in the present crisis, for fear of being speedily dismissed from the falling ministry, and excluded from a share in that which was to rise on its ruins. Of this number were, lord Egremont, who refused the seals resigned by the duke of Grafton, and lord Hardwicke, who, on their being next offered to him, alike declined them.

'In consequence of lord Northington's negotiation, Mr. Pitt was introduced to the king at Richmond. His majesty's expression was, that he put himself entirely into his hands. After a conference with the chancellor, and some arrangements with his faithful friend general Conway, the intended minister invited his brother lord Temple to see him at North end, Hampstead, as his health would not permit him to come to town. His lordship went, and Mr. Pitt acquainted him, that his majesty had been graciously pleased to send for him to form an administration; and as he thought his lordship indispensable, he had desired his majesty to send for him, and put him at the head of the treasury, and that he himself would take the post of privy seal. He then produced a list of persons whose entrance into office he said was necessary, and not to be altered. Lord Temple replied, that he had indeed had the honour of waiting on his majesty, but had not understood that Mr. Pitt was to be *absolute master*; if he had, he should not have given himself the trouble of the present visit. Having the prospect of his brother George Grenville's support in the intended cabinet, (although excluded from all enjoyment of office), and deeming an union of opposing interests the best basis that could be laid for a powerful system of administration, he remonstrated against Mr. Pitt's assuming superior dictation, and urged his claims to an entire equality with him in official rank, and the distribution of places. Mr. Pitt asked his lordship who were the persons whom he intended for cabinet employments? Lord Temple proposed lord Lytleton for the privy seal. This office Mr. Pitt had already taken for himself. His lordship then mentioned the post of lord president. Mr. Pitt said, the presidency was engaged, but offered to give him a pension, which the other rejected. On the mention of a secretary of state, their opinions differed so widely (Mr. Pitt insisting on the continuance of General Conway in office, and the admittance of lord Shelburne, circumstances inconsistent with the reception of lord Gower to that office, which lord Temple proposed) that the conference ended without hope of renewal, and with reciprocal marks of displeasure between these

illustrious brothers, whose political and private friendship had so long continued steadfast and sincere. Mr. Pitt having made choice of the office of privy seal for himself, was necessarily created a peer. General Conway was continued in his post of state-secretary; the management of the house of commons was given to Mr. Townshend; and lord Granby was put at the head of the army. Although popular throughout the bulk of the nation, from his high talents and approved integrity, Mr. Pitt was far from being beloved by many of his own principles in politics, owing to that unyielding haughtiness which conscious superiority gave to his language and manners. With a generous, yet an arrogant temper, (rendered irritable perhaps by the long continuance of sickness), he was unable to consummate by personal influence that command over the public mind which his genius procured to him. His offers in forming a new cabinet, to those whom he wished to partake of his employments, were conveyed in such proud terms as seemed to provoke, though unintentionally, the necessity of a refusal. He waited upon lord Rockingham, with a view to coalesce all the whigs capable of being admitted into office; but his lordship was not to be reconciled, and refused to see his visitor although at home.

In this administration, which was formed by Mr. Pitt, who was now called up to the house of peers, under the title of lord Chatham, the duke of Grafton was made first lord of the treasury, lord Camden lord chancellor, C. Townshend chancellor of the exchequer. The popularity which lord Chatham still retained was only a small remnant of what he enjoyed in his first administration. Few men ever possessed more influence on the public mind than he did in the progress of his parliamentary career, and as he was originally a commoner without great or splendid connections, he was indebted for the authority which he acquired almost solely to the exalted opinion which was entertained of his talents and integrity. The administration, which he had contributed to form in 1766, experienced a powerful opposition, and various expedients were employed to give it solidity and strength. But it appears to have been formed of materials which could not well be brought to cohere; and after several partial changes, it may be said to have been finally dissolved in 1770; when lord North was made first lord of the treasury in the place of the duke of Grafton.—The violent and animated discussions which occurred respecting the Middlesex election, and the unconstitutional proceedings of the House of Commons, in the case of Mr. Wilkes, contributed not a little to the downfall of the ministry. The following remarks of the author on the persecution of Mr. Wilkes evince good sense and moderation.

‘ Mr. Wilkes’s popularity was founded on persecution, and it

consequently gained ground by every harsh and hostile measure of government. Had they suffered him quietly to take his seat in parliament, his opposition in that place, having no mobs nor public animosity to support it, would have sunk into insignificance; but by taking him into custody, after his election, they instituted a contest between the king and his subjects, highly unfortunate for the popularity of a sovereign. It counteracted the natural affection which Englishmen bear to their common head, by the jealousy which it was impossible they should not feel at seeing their dearest rights in danger of invasion. In spite of all Mr. Wilkes's profligacy, and admitting that his talents were over-rated by his friends and supporters, as well as by the very importance attached to them through the false zeal of government, the agitation of several questions connected with his cause was favourable to the spirit of liberty, calling forth resistance to illegal stretches of power, which, it is to be hoped, that Englishmen will never behold without indignation.

In the year 1770 the livery of London remonstrated against the decision of the House of Commons, in the case of the Middlesex election, with a freedom and spirit which have not often been employed in addressing the sovereign. They

‘affirmed, that parliament, in overthrowing the elective rights of the subject, in a recent instance, had assumed a power more illegal and ruinous than the levying of ship money by Charles I. or the dispensing power exercised by James II. In a strain of exaggeration that even exceeded this assertion, they declared, that having forfeited authority, by an over exertion of it, the house of commons had ceased to be the representatives of the people. In conclusion, they prayed for a speedy dissolution of parliament, and the removal of the king's evil ministers from his councils. An audience being granted, to receive this remonstrance, which was attended by the lord mayor and a numerous deputation from the common hall, the common serjeant was overcome by the presence of the royal personage, to whom its contents appeared so disrespectful, and could not read it out; but the common clerk, without embarrassment, relieved him from that duty. The king returned for answer, that although ever ready to hearken to all the grievances of his people, he could not hear the present petition without painful regret that his subjects should address him in terms so unconstitutional: that it was his aim and resolution, in government, to abstain from all violation of those powers of the constitution which had been reposed in other hands; and that it was only by adhering to such a principle of conduct that he could hope for a steady and affectionate loyalty from his people.’

When Lord Chatham in a subsequent debate in the house had adverted to this remonstrance of the livery, whom he mentioned with great respect, he perceived a sneer upon some faces among the peers.

'Let me tell you,' said he, 'my lords, though I have the honour to sit in this house, as a peer of the realm, coinciding with these honest citizens in opinion, I am proud of the honour of associating my name with theirs; and let me tell the noblest of you all, it would be an honour to you. The livery of London, my lords, were respectable long before the reformation. The lord mayor of London was a principal among the twenty-five barons who received magna charta from king John; and they have ever since been considered to have a principal weight in all the affairs of government. How have these respectable men been treated. They have been sent away sore afflicted from his majesty's presence, and reprimanded for pursuing their lawful rights.'

'Soon after the rising of parliament, a third address was presented to the king by the city of London, in which they lamented the heavy displeasure of his majesty, under which they had fallen by a free expression of their sentiments in a late petition and remonstrance, and renewing their prayer for the dissolution of the present parliament. His majesty's answer was, that he should have been wanting to the public, as to himself, if he had not expressed his dissatisfaction at their late address: that he should ill deserve to be considered the father of his people could he suffer himself to be prevailed upon to make such an use of his prerogative as was inconsistent with the interests, and dangerous to the constitution of the kingdom. The lord mayor, Beckford, a man of undaunted spirit, demanded leave to answer the king. In the momentary confusion which this demand occasioned, permission was granted; and with great presence of mind and fluency of language he delivered an address, concluding with the following words:—'Permit me, sire, farther to observe, that whoever has already dared, or shall hereafter endeavour, by false insinuations and suggestions, to alienate your majesty's affections from your loyal subjects, in general, is an enemy to your majesty's person and family, a violator of the public peace, and a betrayer of our happy constitution.'

The reflections which the author makes on a petition which was presented to the House of Commons in 1772, signed by about two hundred and fifty clergymen of the church of England, and by various other respectable individuals, praying for a relief from subscription to the thirty-nine articles, are highly judicious, and evince a reflecting and enlightened mind.

'Sir William Merdith proposed, and Mr. Thomas Pitt seconded, the motion; it was ably supported by Wedderburn, sir George Saville, Dunning, Sawbridge, and other distinguished speakers in the minority. Among its opposers, although upon different grounds, were Burke, lord North, and Mr. Fox. The movers of the bill said, that a happy opportunity was now offered of opening a door for the dissenters, through which, it was probable, that most of

them would enter, and be received into the bosom of the church. The high-churchmen expressed alarm at this proposal, as tending to subvert the very foundation of established religion. They denied that parliament, in all their legislative authority, or the king, compatibly with his coronation oath, could anywise alter the articles of the national faith. As a personal argument against the petitioners, it was alleged, that subscription being a voluntary act, they were not entitled to complain of violence being offered to their consciences; their benefices had not been forced upon them, and they were ever at liberty to resign, to tranquillize their scruples, should any supervene. There is a wretched spirit of intolerance, and a fallacy, in this mode of arguing, which deserve to be noticed. All political evils might be glossed over with the same apology; since, even in despotic countries, the power is often left to the miserable inhabitants, of creeping out of their native place to seek refuge elsewhere; it is left to them to creep out of existence itself, if they find it intolerable; but does this alleviate or sanction the injustice under which they groan? When applied to the clergy, this principle is cruel, no less than grossly impolitic. The church being erected into an incorporate monopoly, whose charter is a creed, the meaning of which even its preachers can scarcely explain, far less reconcile its contradictions; the honest friend of religion is either precluded from entering into it at all, or should he have embraced it in early years, is placed between the cruel alternatives of incurring beggary, or propagating error. The hypocrite, on the other hand, who can disguise his opinions, and the sot who has no opinion at all, remain as the candidates for honour and promotion. For, in the common affairs of life, two men cannot be found whose thoughts, if they think at all, have not some characteristic difference. In religious speculations, there must be at least an equal variety of belief; and whosoever frames a specific creed for men to subscribe, must either trepan their consciences or their understandings, most generally the former. Of all the thousand individuals who sign the thirty-nine articles, is it credible that a hundredth part believe every article of what they sign? if one grain of allowance be made for mental reservation, it is perjury in the clearest sense, whatever gloss may be thrown over it by use and accommodation. The members of opposition, as well as those of administration, were divided upon this question. It was negatived, however, by a great majority.

Lord North, who had carried his measures by large and decided majorities since the commencement of the American war, was twice left in a minority in the session of 1780; once on the 6th of April in that year, when the ever memorable resolution was passed, that the 'influence of the crown had increased, was increasing, and ought to be diminished.' If, at this important juncture, an illness of the speaker had not happened, which caused an unusual recess, and gave the minister time to practise the arts of corruption on the deserters from his banners, it is probable that this vote would

have been followed with many practical reforms, suited to the spirit in which the noble resolution was conceived. But how trivial are the circumstances which often frustrate the wisest plans!

The riots in the following June, served to strengthen the bands of the government; and lord North took advantage of the sudden effervescence of something like courtly feeling to dissolve the parliament. But the new parliament did not prove so obsequious to the court as was expected; and on the 20th of March 1782, lord North declared that his ministry was at an end.

'During the adjournment of parliament, a new administration was formed, on as broad a basis as the nature of things would admit, and included the most distinguished personages among the two great parties who divided the whig interest: the Rockingham party, which borrowed its name from the auspices of that amiable nobleman, and its vigour and popularity from the talents of Fox; and that other party, which, since the death of Chatham, had been accustomed to regard lord Shelburne as their political leader. The marquis of Rockingham was appointed first lord of the treasury, the earl of Shelburne and Mr. Fox secretaries of state, lord Camden president of the council, the duke of Grafton privy seal, lord John Cavendish chancellor of the exchequer, admiral (now created lord) Keppel first commissioner of the admiralty, general Conway commander in chief of the forces. The duke of Richmond was made master-general of the ordnance, lord Thurlow was continued lord high chancellor, Mr. Dunning was created baron Ashburton, and appointed chancellor of the duchy of Lancaster. The public measures for which the whig administration stipulated were said to be, peace with America; a reform in the expenditure, on Mr. Burke's plan; the diminution of the influence of the crown, by the exclusion of contractors from the legislature, and of revenue officers from the power of voting at elections.'

This administration was of short continuance; but the good which they did during the short time in which they were in office, and the greater good which their wisdom and patriotism projected, and which they certainly would have carried into effect if opportunity had been afforded, must for ever cause us to regret their early dismission from power. This dismission was accelerated by the premature death of the marquis of Rockingham, who formed the centre of union among the whigs. Lord Shelburne was now made first lord of the treasury; and Mr. Fox, Mr. Burke, Mr. Sheridan and other leaders of the Rockingham party resigned their official situations. The recognition of American independence was the ostensible reason of this division between the statesmen who had acted together under the banners

of the marquis of Rockingham; but the real reason is probably to be found in the distrust which was entertained of the intentions of lord Shelburne. The administration of lord Shelburne possessed only a sort of ephemeral life, but it lasted long enough for the conclusion of a general peace. On the 21st of February 1783, the new minister was left in a minority in the house of commons, which induced him to abandon his post. This victory had been chiefly obtained by a coalition which had lately taken place between the party of lord North, and that of his great political opponent Mr. Fox. This ill-advised measure was the most disastrous event in the political life of Mr. Fox; and it teemed with the most pernicious consequences to himself and to his country. It blasted the blooming fame which his former conduct had acquired; it shook the confidence which was reposed in the sincerity of his patriotism; and finally it had a fatal influence on the general opinion which was entertained of the probity of public men. It lowered the political character in the general estimation, and, it unfortunately prepared the way for the almost universal contempt and distrust in which it is at present held.

A new administration was established on the 2d of April 1783, of which the following persons formed the cabinet council.

'The duke of Portland first commissioner of the treasury, lord North secretary of state for the home department, Mr. Fox secretary for the foreign department, lord John Cavendish chancellor of the exchequer: lord Keppel assumed the head of the admiralty, lord Stormont was made president of the council, the earl of Carlisle privy seal. The great seal was put into commission. Lord Townshend was appointed master of the ordnance, Mr. Burke paymaster-general, and Mr. Charles Townshend treasurer of the navy; Mr. Fitzpatrick was made secretary at war, Mr. Wallace attorney-general, and Mr. Lee solicitor-general. The earl of Northington succeeded as lord lieutenant of Ireland.'

The proposed India bill of Mr. Fox, which excited a violent ferment in the country, which was greatly increased by the general abhorrence of the late coalition, furnished the court with an opportunity to terminate the existence of his ministry. Mr. Pitt was appointed first lord of the treasury and chancellor of the exchequer. For a short time the singular phenomenon was exhibited of a minister being in a minority, and yet holding his place in contempt of the decided resolution of a majority in parliament. But Mr. Pitt was supported on this occasion not only by his own talents, by the popularity which he seems to have re-

ceived as a bequest from his father, by the credit which the public gave him for a larger stock of patriotism than he possessed, but by the odium which the coalition had cast on his great rival Mr. Fox.—Mr. Pitt presided at the helm till the beginning of 1801, when his place was supplied by Mr. Addington.

The administration of Mr. Pitt was the longest which has been seen in the present reign. Its effects will long be felt by those who pay taxes, but its real character will probably be more correctly appreciated by posterity than by the present generation. We have thus exhibited a concise view of the different administrations that preceded the peace of Amiens in 1801, where the present history ends. This is not the place to calculate how much the different administrations have added to the burthens of the people; but we may remark that the single ministry of Mr. Pitt made a greater addition to the national debt, than had been done by all his predecessors in office since the revolution. If this be merit, he had it in abundance; and if it be not inscribed upon his tomb, it will never cease to be recorded in the history of this country.

We have already said that these Annals are impartially executed. We will only add that in political candour and adherence to truth, as far as the writer could procure information, they are not exceeded by any similar publication.

ART. VI.—*Letters of the Swedish Court, written chiefly in the early Part of the Reign of Gustavus III. to which is added an Appendix, containing an Account of the Assassination of that Monarch. With some interesting Anecdotes of the Court of St. Petersburg, during the Visit of the Duke of Sudermania and the present King of Sweden to the Russian Capital. 12mo. pp. 282. 6s. Cradock and Joy. 1809.*

THE editor of these Letters does not inform us by what means they came into his hands; and therefore the only proof which we have of their being genuine is his assertion, and that which is furnished by the internal evidence. To the assertion of an anonymous individual, unless corroborated by circumstances, but little attention would be due; but it remains to be seen whether the letters themselves carry with them such internal marks of authenticity as ought to command our assent.—Taking these letters at present, as they are said to be, for genuine compositions of the parties, we shall proceed to give a sketch of their contents.

Letter I. is from Sophia Magdalena, of Denmark who was married to the prince royal of Sweden afterwards Gustavus III. It is addressed, as many of the other letters are, to her sister princess Wilhelmina Carolina. It describes her first reception at the Swedish court.—The sensitive modesty, and trembling delicacy which are depicted in this letter, serve at the outset, to interest us much in favour of the writer. The mother of the prince royal, who was averse from the match, and who dreaded either the presence of a rival in the administration, or the loss of her influence in the state, received the timid stranger with a coldness, suspicion, and reserve, which depressed her spirits, and increased her embarrassment.—She thus describes her first introduction to the prince :

‘ I was soon after presented to the amiable prince ; but what a difference ! he approached me with the most attractive, yet respectful and gracious sweetness of address. I fear I did not receive him as I ought to have done ; my foolish bashfulness, increased by what had just passed, rendered me cold and awkward ; I believe I involuntarily turned my head when the prince first approached me ; I thought, when I could look up, he appeared chagrined and surprised. His mother just then cast upon him one of her expressive looks.’

Letter II. is from the same, in which she depicts the prince in very favourable colours ; but thinks him ceremonious and reserved, which she ascribes to the malign influence of his mother, or to her own want of attractions.—Letter III. contains some characteristic traits of the duke of Sudermania. Letter IV. exhibits the very amiable character of the Countess Fersen, who was appointed one of the household of the princess royal.—Letter V. is from the Countess Fersen to her daughter the Countess Hoepken, who had been married to a very vicious character, from whom she was separated. Some of the sentiments in this letter are sensible, pious, and impressive.

‘ Be not discouraged, my child ; there is no trial to which a Christian is not equal, when he trusts not in his own strength alone, but daily looks up for support and aid to a higher power, and throws himself not in the way of temptations.’

‘ Peculiarly situated as you now are, my love, it is impossible for you to adopt a too delicate circumspection. This caution is, I know unnecessary ; but the anxious thoughts of a mother embrace every possible exigency. Do not at present, extend your visits beyond your uncle’s house ; nor exhibit your striking figure in any place of public amusement. A woman’s ultimate happiness

depends not only upon her intrinsic purity ; but upon the unsullied whiteness of her fame ; of which, there should never be a question. In this respect, how great a difference has custom made between the sexes !

Letter VI. is written by Sophia Magdalena, now princess royal of Sweden, and contains some good reflections on the trials of affliction, and the uses of adversity. Letter VII. describes the three daughters of the Countess Fersen, who went by the name of the three graces. In Letters VIII. and IX. Sophia Magdalena gives an account of the benevolent and enlightened Count Scheffer, who had once occupied the important post of governor to the prince royal.—In Letters X. XI. and XII. Sophia Magdalena now become queen of Sweden, furnishes some details respecting the revolution, which Gustavus III. soon after the death of his father in 1771, effected in the constitution of that kingdom. This revolution abridged the power of the nobles, but on the whole was not unfavourable to the lower orders, and to the general interests of the kingdom. A widely diffused and powerful aristocracy is equally adverse to the liberties of the people, and to the independence of the sovereign. That monarch is most truly independent, whose throne is founded on the broad basis of popular freedom, which renders his power too strong, and his authority too general to be shaken by the intrigues or the discontent of particular individuals, however elevated by station or aggrandized by wealth. The king of Sweden did not sufficiently regard this truth ; or when he had the opportunity, he would have made larger additions to the liberty of his subjects, and thus have increased the stability of his throne, and probably have prevented his own assassination ; and, by limiting the power of his successor, have prevented the fatal necessity which occasioned his recent dethronement.

Letter XIII. is from Count Scheffer who was with the king in Finland, to Countess Fersen, in which he begins to develop the cause of the coldness and reserve which had for some time subsisted between Gustavus and his consort. It seems that the letters of Sophia Magdalena had been copied before they were sent to the king by one of her female attendants, who, either from her own malicious propensities, or from compliance with the insidious designs of the queen, had omitted every expression of esteem and love, and sent such epistles as were calculated to have a chilling influence on the sensations of her spouse. But the duchess of Sudermania, who suspected the machinations which were carrying on against the felicity and the confidence of the royal pair, contrived to have one of the queen's letters delivered to the

king, without having previously passed through the hands of her confidential woman, the treacher, *us* Madame Hellenburgh. The style of this letter, so different in expression and in sentiment from those which the king had previously received, the tenderness, sensibility, and regard which it breathed, made a powerful impression on the mind and heart of the sovereign. When his majesty read the letter his emotions were so violent that he upset the small table, at which he was sitting

‘ with the chess-board, and king, queen, knights, bishops, and pawns came rattling about our heels. Amazed at the noise, and unconscious of the cause, the king looked for a moment angry—seeming to mistrust his eyes; he caught up one of the candles, extinguished it by his quick motion, and complaining there were no lights in the room, was proceeding to the next apartment: meeting young Rosenstein at the door, who was formerly page to the queen, he appeared touched at the sight of him, turned, and paced the chamber—accidentally catching a smile of surprize upon our faces, he looked very grave; then fixing his eyes again on the letter, with the most animated glow of delight, “I should be tempted to believe that the queen really loves me.”—Young Rosenstein, encouraged by a gracious regard cast upon him at that moment, ventured to say, “did your majesty never know that before?”

‘ The king answered, with a serious look, that he had so many reasons to suppose otherwise, that he could never flatter himself that he was so happy as to possess her affection.

‘ If your majesty will permit me to proceed, I can, I trust, remove these unwelcome doubts. From my own observation, and from the confidential communication of a relation in constant attendance upon my gracious mistress, I will pledge my life to your majesty for her unceasing and tender affection.

‘ The king in his transport and surprize absolutely hugged the noble youth, and when he could speak, assured him of his never failing friendship and protection, tears running down his face—the feeling was catching and general—my amiable pupil, overpowered, retired hastily to his own apartment.

‘ After some time he as hastily called for writing apparatus, and not long after requested my attendance.

‘ There,’ said he, as I entered, ‘ peruse that, my worthy friend, and tell me by what means the effusions of this heart have been so long kept from me?’ The letter was delicately expressive of the most tender regard, carelessly written, and words occasionally scratched over. A thought struck me—‘Is not this,’ said I, ‘the first epistle my prince has received in the queen’s own hand.’—‘Yes.’—And have they not always been written out by her confidential woman—who never appeared to have a very complacent respect for her sovereign?’

‘ I have it,’ said the king, rising and clapping his hand to his forehead;—‘leave me, I must write—let a courier instantly prepare to depart.’

We shall now quote Letter XIV. from the queen to the king, which occasioned the happy *dénouement*, which we have mentioned above.

‘ Ever tenderly anxious for the health and safety of my revered sovereign, I fear I did not cordially join in the praises that were bestowed upon him from every quarter, for voluntarily undertaking, at this severe and dreary season, the dangerous navigation to Finland, for the welfare of his kingdom, the object most near his heart. Alas! a sigh obtrudes! Why are not his glory and fame my just and most anxious desire? because that to be able occasionally to behold him, surrounded by his courtiers and friends (are they not synonymous terms?) dispensing his smiles and favours, each contending for a word or a glance, is more gratifying to my partial heart, more necessary to my happiness, than to hear only of his exalted patriotism. To catch a few broken sentences of his intelligent and brilliant discourse is more soothing to my ear, than the most laboured harangue on his virtues could be, in his absence. I attempt not to justify this weak and selfish sensation; but the harmony of his voice, the fire of his eye, give a grace to every sentence. When he is present, when I behold him, I fancy myself, for the moment, happy. My sickly imagination conjures up another source of anxious perturbation. My prince had not, since the memorable event in August, enjoyed his usual degree of good health. When I saw him at the court, I fancied a languor and debility hung over him; perhaps it was owing to the distance, but I thought his eyes had lost something of their usual lustre; their last glance as he quitted the apartment is still present to my mind. My fearful heart too readily anticipates all the possible bad consequences to a constitution, not too robust, of this northern voyage; dreads the fearless exposure of a life so justly dear to all Sweden. But I must endeavour to turn to the bright side of the picture. Have I not a billet from the sovereign of my heart, announcing his safe arrival, and requesting one in return? And am I not indebted to this dreaded absence for the opportunity of expressing, in faint terms, my admiration of his exalted virtues, my anxious feelings for his safety, which perhaps otherwise I had not enjoyed? Why could not my eyes say this, when last they met his! Alas! overpowered by a painful sense of their own insufficiency to please, they were suddenly cast on the ground. Could my prince have read in them the interior of this poor weak heart, he would have seen himself there reigning absolute sovereign, not mocked with the shadow of authority, as once among his natural subjects. But whither does my heart carry me, it means not to embarrass, by putting in a claim: it would submit in silent patience to its destiny. May a merciful providence watch over, and long preserve the most valuable of men. May a second carrier ere long announce his continued health and welfare: and may he soon return to bless, and grace that court, of which himself must ever be the brightest ornament.

‘ The lively duchess of Sudermania has rushed into my cabinet,

saying the carrier has all his letters, and is impatient to depart. She is watching to draw this from me, insisting that she shall envelop and dispatch it.

Alas, I can scarcely subscribe,
‘SOPHIA MAGDALENA.’

This letter is far from appearing to us one of the best in the collection; there are several very superior in sentiment and diction.

In Letter XV. the countess Fersen congratulates count Scheffer on the restoration of mutual confidence and affection tween the king and queen, and exhibits some further details respecting that joyful event.

The following, Letter XVI. is from Gustavus III. to his royal consort, in reply to that which we have extracted above.

‘Do not my eyes deceive me?—are these sweet, these tender expressions of anxious solicitude from my queen—my wife? Am I awake?—I seem as one just roused from a long and comfortless dream to hopes of happiness, never before enjoyed. Where have I existed for ages? how remained ignorant of the real feelings of the lovely princess whom I have always admired? How blind, how dull must I be, not to have discerned in those tender modest eyes, that seemed to elude my earnest gaze, all those delicate, those charming sentiments which now fill my heart with rapture! Perhaps, I was too impatient, too eager in my hopes of a reciprocal tenderness—expected too much from a delicate plant just removed from the fostering care of tender relatives to a foreign conservatory.

‘Warmly impressed with the innocent loveliness of her appearance, my heart instantly acknowledged itself her captive, and as warmly sought a return of those sentiments. I ought to have patiently waited till her tender mind, accustomed to the change of scene and situation, could have defined its feelings; perhaps, at last have expressed them; contented in the mean time with her modest and chastened smiles.

‘But how is it that the letters of my fair princess have never before breathed these sentiments, so flattering, so consoling to my heart? Why have they been, may I say, cold and common place? so very unlike this first epistle, literally from her own hand. This and a thousand questions, I die with impatience to have answered from her own mouth. Ah! why cannot I fly this instant—throw myself at her feet—implore her forgiveness, and receive the solution of this enigma!

‘Nothing but imperious duty should detain me; smarting under this uncertain absence, I am ready to abjure the motives, right as I thought them, which have brought me so far from my capital. Impetuous fool! to forget that, but for this absence, you might have long remained ignorant of the sentiments of her you adore. Most gladly would I instantly fly, myself the second courier, to announce

to my Magdalena the joy and health of her devoted. A tolerable article I think it would make in future chronicles—

“ His majesty, after some years of coldness and inattention to his fair queen (wretch that I am!) immediately on completing his voyage into Finland, on the most important affairs, returned with the speed of a courier, to throw himself at her majesty's feet, to receive her forgiveness, and to return with the same speed to the completion of the important matters scarcely commenced.

‘ As the possibility of this last movement is entirely out of the question, O! confirm to me, beloved princess, my vision of happiness so welcome, so earnestly sought, that I hardly dare flatter myself it is real. O! speedily forward to me another packet from the same loved hand, that I may be assured I am not self-deceived.

‘ The courier, who is in readiness to take this, has orders to give immediate notice for another to be ready instantly to forward my queen's dispatches; do not detain him, yet, send me not a short epistle. I can only patiently endure my exile by the continual passing of messengers. Excuse my impatience; pity my impetuosity. So great, so long lost a happiness, so unexpectedly found, almost overpowers me.

‘ Adieu, my beloved wife—a name more sweet to my feelings than any other title—princess—queen—empress. May that gracious being whom we mutually worship, in the same faith, cherish, and bring to a happy maturity this opening bud of joy—may we be permitted to pour out our hearts to each other; and to raise them in united devotion to the giver of all blessings, who deigns to bring good out of evil, and forsakes not his faithful servants. May he comfort and preserve my Magdalena till the anxiously wished for return of her adoring

‘ GUSTAVUS.’

Letters XVII. XVIII. and XIX. which pass between the king and queen, exhibit some further particulars respecting the cause of their unfortunate misunderstanding of each other's sentiments and affections. These letters pourtray a refined and elevated passion, and *supposing them genuine*, interest us in no small degree in favour not only of the queen but of her august spouse.—The character of the queen is resplendent with meekness, diffidence, modesty and those virtues which are the most attractive ornaments of the sex. Letter XX. is from the lively duchess of Sudermania to her husband, giving an account of the return of the king to Stockholm and of his first interview with the queen after the discovery of the plot to alienate their affections and destroy their reciprocal confidence.

In Letter XXI. the queen acquaints her sister of the unexpected event which had restored the conjugal bliss which she seemed to have lost. She at the same time mentions the

jealousy and regret which the intelligence excited in the queen-mother.

'Court etiquette having rendered an interview with this lady indispensable, she took care to make it sufficiently chilling and painful. A haughty and forced condescension, marked her every look and movement.—One of her piercing regards seemed to say, 'would she had remained in retirement, unknown, unbeloved.' I felt myself tremble at the influence of it, as if I were blighted; she wills me no good; and may, I fear, if possible, still be the cause of sorrow to me. But am I not blameable thus to hunt for evils, and prophecy sorrows? My sovereign, who presented me in his most gracious manner; with, "I present to you, madam, a long lost daughter," was so chagrined at the kind of look and reception, that, for a moment, indignation heightened his colour, and flashed from his eyes:—respect, duty, prudence, smothered the rising emotion. We retired as soon as propriety would permit, and the king appeared grave and silent during the remainder of the day. The blighting look still rests upon my imagination, and chills my heart: it appeared reflected in the countenances of her surrounding courtiers; we seemed as in an enemy's country: secret dreads arise to disturb my peace. Still—let but my prince's esteem, and my *good name* remain to me; and I think I can bear any trials.'

Letter XXII. is from the queen to her sister, in which she delineates the character of the princess Sophia Albertina, the sister of the king. In Letter XXIII. the queen writes to her sister that an attempt had been made to blast her character, which had received countenance from the queen-mother, who had mentioned the report to some of her court.—She requests an interview with the king, which is very feelingly described.—His majesty remonstrates with the queen-mother, as the propagator if not the author of the calumny; and they part with mutual dissatisfaction.

'Alas! my Carolina!' says the amiable queen in the conclusion of Letter XXII. 'how very soon has my sun-rise of happiness been clouded by these dark storms! Is not our life a sort of alternation of joy and sorrow, that we may never be too much elated, nor too long depressed: and when we are a little raised above the common level in our hopes and expectations, may we not naturally look for something to lower us again to a sort of moderate happiness! a happiness not built upon the favour and countenance of frail unstable beings; but upon conscious rectitude and purity of heart; upon a hope that we are, in some degree, deserving of the favour and protection of a fixed and immovable object of our adoration.—One who cannot err, but who will allow for our errors?'

'Dearest sister, pray for—pity—continue to love your

S. M. R.

Letter XXIV. contains some farther particulars respecting the magnanimity of the king in the accomplishment of the revolution; and shews the gentle and benevolent disposition of the queen. Letter XXV. is from the Countess Fersen to one of her daughters, in which we meet with this charming character of the queen; and it would be well for mankind if queens in general harmonized with the delineation.

‘Our young queen is the king’s wife, and nothing else; the sweet companion of his cheerful and leisure hours; the solace of his care-worn and busy mind; the animating pattern of piety, harmony, peace, and gentleness of spirit. Confident of his entire capability to conduct the great machine, she meddles not in affairs of state; but reserves all her influence for the promotion and encrease of virtue and happiness.’

The following reflections, though trite, are yet so true, that they cannot be too often repeated for the interest of the domestic circle.

‘If there is any one quality more useful and indeed necessary in daily intercourse than another, I think it is, quiet-forbearance. A hasty resentment of petty offences, proceeding from pride and self consequence, perpetually disunites those who might long have been happy in mutual friendship and affection.’

In Letter XXVI. the queen who had recently been delivered of a son, gives this pleasing account of her newly experienced maternal sensibilities.

‘After the anxieties, perturbations, and sufferings to which we are doomed the moment a mother first presses to her bosom her little cherub is—not to be conveyed by words. But still, this new joy is accompanied by so extreme an anxiety for the health and continuance of this little treasure, that the very passing idea of its being taken from us at any period, seems to rend the heart asunder. Every other attachment, friendship, love, partake in a degree of selfishness; there may be a return; it must be fed with kindness; but the feeling of a mother for her helpless babe is pure affection, and receives a perfectly disinterested addition, from the reflected delight of her second self. When I first saw my Gustavus take this darling into his arms, press it to his breast, and raise his eyes to heaven, it was nearly too much for me, weak as I then was; a faint sensation closed my eyes—the pressure of my husband’s cool hand recalled my recollection.’

The following reflection is such as neither queens nor women in any of the inferior ranks of life often entertain; but we shall quote it, hoping that the elevated moral and parental feeling which it breathes, may find its way to some

soft bosom, where it will be affectionately cherished and religiously observed.

‘ The delight of this choice gift is also accompanied with an awful sense of responsibility to its great giver. A human soul—an heir of immortality committed to our care, to nurture from the early dawn of reason, in the ways of holiness and virtue—to preserve, as far as possible, from the contagion of the world; and to raise its opening and tender faculties to the worship and service of its great Creator. Were this awful sense deeply impressed upon the minds of mothers in general, there could not be so many as there are solely occupied in the pursuit of trifling pleasures abroad, when the purest heartfelt joy remains for them at home, in the culture and tender care of those little innocents, the confidence and approving smiles of the partner of their heart.’

Letter XXVII. relates the death of Count Scheffer, one of the few politicians who *made humanity his principal cure.*

In Letter XXVIII. the queen gives a very affecting account of the last illness and death of the queen dowager. The king visited his mother before her death, when she seemed to reflect with regret on the inquietude which she had occasioned to him and his amiable consort. Their little child was introduced to the dying queen, and received her affectionate benediction.—Sophia Magdalena, who seems to have been maligned, and calumniated by her mother-in-law, retained not only no resentment, but was melted with sensations of sympathy and kindness towards her expiring fellow-creature.—Her feelings on this occasion are, we believe, such as naturally arise in that bosom in which, if transient ill-will is felt, no malice is ever suffered to abide.

‘ At such a moment how does every feeling vanish, but those of tenderness and regret : how trifling appear all those circumstances which once caused us emotion and offence !

‘ Could we occasionally anticipate this possibly affecting catastrophe in regard to those we love, how readily should we pass over many little causes of irritation, and dwell only on their virtues and engaging qualities : but the idea of losing those we dote on is so distressing, that we cannot dwell upon it sufficiently to extract this lesson from it. Who that has lost a beloved friend can ever persuade himself that he has shown towards that friend sufficient tenderness, forbearance, and affection ? No one of sensibility. Frequent reflection upon this would probably tend to lower our irascible, and quicken our tender feelings ; to soften our sense of the failings of our dearest friends, and brighten every good quality. Bitter indeed must be the remorse of those, who, by harshness or unkindness, have in any degree detracted from the peace of mind, or comfort, of those to whom they were nearly allied, and who are

now taken from them : since, even under an anxious discharge of its duties, guided by a tender affection, the feeling mind can never remain satisfied with itself when deprived of the power still to solace and comfort. Would we, my Carolina, wish to secure the peace of our last hours in this world, and to brighten our hopes of a better, we should daily and hourly endeavour to practise that mild forbearance and forgiveness to one another, upon which alone we can found our hopes of obtaining for our numerous offences, the forgiveness of our Father which is in heaven.'

Here the letters end ; no dates are given, but the period of time included is said to be from 1768 to 1779. The question which now arises is, are they genuine ? or have they been invented to serve a *particular purpose*, by delineating the connubial infelicity of a certain elevated personage ; and by inviting another elevated personage to contemplate the mirror of her virtues in the character of Sophia Magdalena, the consort of Gustavus III. If the letters be a forgery contrived with such a view, the circumstances and the characters are not rendered so strikingly parallel as they might have been, and as they usually are in similar attempts. We have so seldom seen in the elevated sphere of royalty, any person so enlightened, amiable, modest, and benign as Sophia Magdalena is represented to have been, that we are unwilling to suppose the delineation a fiction ; and for the honour of human nature in the persons of queens and princesses, heartily *hope* that it is an *historical reality*. If the letters be genuine, they must certainly be regarded as a very interesting composition ; but upon the whole we rather wish that they *may be*, than believe that they *are*.

ART. VII.—*Modern State of Spain, translated from the French of J. F. Bourgoing, (concluded from p. 187.)*

FROM the fair sex to the subject of public amusements the transition is natural ; and M. Bourgoing proceeds to describe the voluptuous *fandango* of the Spaniards with the luxuriant pencil of an Aretin. He does not entirely trust on this occasion to the prolixity of his own pen : the description of cotemporary writers being sily thrown in by way of notes in order to add colouring to the picture. It is but justice, however, to M. Fischer to say, that although a German, his description of the Spanish dances is still more lively and elegant than that of M. Bourgoing. There is a peculiar *naïveté*, however, in the sentence with which the latter concludes his eulogium on the dancing girls of Spain. Al-

luding to the fandango he says : ' C'est la qu'une Espagnole habillée suivant son costume, accompagnant les instrumens avec des *castagnettes* et marquant du talon, la mesure avec une rare précision, devient un des objets les plus séduisants dont l'amour puisse se servir pour étendre son empire !'

Next to dancing, music holds the highest rank among the amusements of the Spaniards; but they admit that the art of musical composition has made so little progress among them that music has scarcely acquired a national character. The Italian and German masters are therefore their favourite composers.

The *tertulias* and *refrescos* of the Spaniards resemble our routs and assemblies. Every Spanish lady of rank and accomplishment sighs to be the directress of a *tertulia*, at which her pride and vanity are regaled by the homage of both sexes,—an homage which a Spanish woman demands rather than expects. The shades of distinction between a French lady of *haut ton*, and the head of a Spanish *coterie*, are admirably drawn by M. Bourgoing.

' An ingenious verse of a ballad is sufficient to captivate the former, the latter requires the sublime accent and majestic cadence of the ode !'

The Spanish drama next engrosses our traveller's attention, and he seems to have been disposed to give a favourable representation of the national genius in this respect, had he not unluckily stumbled upon the following diatribes against the French stage in the *Theatre Espanol* of Don Vincent de la Huerta, published in 1785. We quote the rhapsody of Huerta, because it contains some truths, which, if we are not mistaken, have more than once appeared in an English dress. It also exhibits a spirit of nationality not excelled by that of the Swedish botanist who favoured the world with a folio to prove that Sweden was the original garden of Eden.

' A single spark of fire, (exclaims Huerta), that shines in this divine poem (*Pharsale*), would be sufficient to warm and enliven all the *debilitated* and *wretched* muses of France; without excepting the Limosines, who, being nearer Spain, have for that reason perhaps felt in some degree the influence of the enthusiasm and true poetic spirit which characterize our nation.'

' How is it possible that this divine fire could animate the souls of men born and educated in a marshy country, (France) without sulphur, without salt or fertility, and so little favoured by heat that their fruits would scarcely ripen did they not carefully place them in situations exposed to the full rays of the sun? This is the natural cause of the mediocrity observed in their works. The French in poetry and eloquence will never pass the measure and standard

of minds feeble and without vigour. From this also results their astonishment at the *grand sublimity* of the Spanish productions, the faults of which *if there be any*, are very easily corrected.

‘The great Corneille was not esteemed by his countrymen till he had produced a wretched imitation far below mediocrity of one of our poorest poets.’

‘The *Athalie* of Racine is reckoned his best piece, but is the greatest proof of the imbecility of the author’s genius; because, without mentioning the extraordinary number of actors, buffoons, and the whole troop of performers, (a very common resource of those who are not capable of sustaining the plot and the movement of an action without wounding probability); the affected regularity and *hell-enism* even, by which he contrives to supply the *want of genius*, prove that the piece *should not have left the school to which it belonged*.’

..... ‘I had formed only by the reading, a *very low idea* of the *Phaedra*, but after having seen the piece acted at Paris when Mile. Dumesnel, a very celebrated actress, played the part of *Phaedra*, I was so shocked at seeing decency and probability so outrageously sacrificed in her declamation; that I determined never to see it again.’

What a punishment for the author and actress! smartly rejoins our author and proceeds to repay M. Huerta in his own coin with the most scrupulous punctuality.

‘It must be left to foreigners,’ says M. Bourgoing to ‘decide whether blindness or malignity has dictated the judgment of this merciless censor All those, however, who have the least pretensions to taste, as well in Spain as elsewhere, agree that all the Spanish pieces, with the exception of a few modern, are full of the most shocking defects. The incidents are without probability, and they are full of impertinence; all kinds of composition are confounded. They join the most miserable parade to affecting and sometimes terrible pictures; and a buffoon, under the name of *Gracioso*, who is sometimes diverting and often insipid, distracts the attention by his vulgar wit. The lovers are talking gossips. They try to purchase the tear of sensibility and delicacy by cold and tedious, but physical dissertations on love Their speeches are long and misplaced, and particularly shocking by their digressions, gigantic companies, and by the most absurd abuse of wit. On the other hand the plot is so intricate that there is hardly a Spanish play to which the verses of Boileau are not applicable.

‘Et qui debrouillant mal une penible intrigue,
D’un divertissement ne fait qu’une fatigue.’

* The Cid.

Here M. Bourgoing sarcastically adds,

'This fatigue, however, does not seem to be felt by the Spanish auditors, those especially whose minds are least cultivated. Whether they owe to nature this readiness to follow the mazes of the most intricate plot, or whether it is with them the result of habit, certain it is that they have in this respect a remarkable advantage over other nations, particularly over the French!'

It is evident that the pictures drawn by Huerta and Bourgoing are grossly surcharged, and the reader is fairly left by the latter without materials upon which to form an estimate.

There is something fantastical in M. Huerta ascribing the want of fire and wit in the French writers to the absence of sulphur and salt from their soil! A Spanish author is a punster even in his gravest moments. His wit is therefore frequently incapable of being transused into another language, and it is unfair to judge of the state of the drama in Spain from a translation.

With respect to the histrionic department of the stage, the Spanish actors are far behind those of France or England. The chaste imitation of nature is unknown to them, and nothing but the grossest caricature is palatable to a Spanish audience. Bourgoing happily describes their favorite comedians in a few words. 'Their impassioned heroines are furies, their heroes mere captains, their conspirators vile malefactors, and their tyrants butchers.'

An interlude, descriptive of the language and manners of the lowest vulgar is suffered between each act of a Spanish drama. The disgusting exhibition of the quarrels, the villany and barbarity of the lower classes, is in fact a favourite amusement in Spain, and we learn that there as well as in this country the vulgar have their imitators in high life. 'There are in both sexes,' says M. Bourgoing, persons of distinguished rank, who chuse their models among the heroes of the populace, adopt their customs, manners, way of speaking, and appear flattered when the resemblance is found perfect.'

A chapter minutely describing the Spanish bull-fights concludes the second volume. These public amusements were prohibited in 1805, by a royal edict much to the honour of Charles IV. and his advisers.

In the third and last volume, M. Bourgoing resumes his tour through the country. Toledo arrests his attention, for a considerable time, chiefly with a view to hold up to public estimation, cardinal Lorenzana, archbishop of Toledo, whom he describes as exhibiting in his person a sublime picture of true unaffected and christian piety. His enormous revenues as primate of Spain are literally expended in binding up

the wounds of suffering humanity. Houses of industry—schools—manufactories—hospitals—lunatic asylums—and work-houses—all bear the venerable name of Lorenzana inscribed over the entrance. On his visit to Avila, our author takes occasion to mention the failure of an attempt to establish two English cotton-weavers, in order to infuse a spirit of industry into the population of the place: the stupid and ignorant priests of Avila gravely told the inhabitants from the pulpit, that the favourite passion of heretics consisted in devouring catholic children!—the unfortunate adventurers were avoided by all, and if a human being approached them it was to commit an insult or indignity to their persons. The prejudices and bigotry of the inhabitants were not to be surmounted; a Frenchman (Berancourt) was called to supply the place of the English, and in a short time the establishment died away.

From Toledo M. Bourgoing proceeds to the banks of the Ebro, the scenery of which is described with great taste and no little poetical decoration. The peculiar beauties of the palace and grounds of Aranjuez next occupy his attention, whence proceeding through the kingdoms of Granada and Cordova he arrives at Cadiz. It is impossible to read the details upon the commerce of Spain, which he introduces at this part of his work, without admiring the comprehensive grasp of his mind: political œconomy seems to have been the favourite study of our author, and in no part of his work has he evinced the qualifications he possesses for diplomatic business more to advantage than in this department of political science.

While M. Bourgoing was in Cadiz, the last blow was given to the negotiations between the French republic and the court of Madrid, by the death of Louis XVI. Our ambassador was hastily ordered out of the country without regard to the etiquette of taking leave. He then visits Gibraltar, and after a brief description of this wonder of modern Europe, hazards an opinion, which is rather at variance with the sound political doctrines he had previously promulgated: namely that Gibraltar is of no real value either to the Spaniards or to the English!—The former merely wish to regain it, from their national pride being wounded by its remaining in the possession of the latter, who in turn expend immense sums annually upon it from similar motives!

From Gibraltar the reader is hastily carried to Malaga, and from Malaga to Valencia, where horrid disturbances at that time (1791) prevailed, in consequence of the French revolution, and M. Bourgoing was under the necessity of

stifling the cries of his children lest they should be massacred in consequence of the antipathy excited against French republicans. On the other hand the hospitable and humane reception given to the French emigrant priests does great honour to the Spanish character; they were soon defrauded, however, of the charities of the inhabitants, by the intrigues and jealousies of the indigenous parasites of the catholic persuasion. A decree was issued from Madrid, ordering the dispersion of these unfortunate refugees over less civilized districts than those of Valencia, and they were prohibited from making a settlement in any church or convent in Spain.

M. Bourgoing concludes the topographical part of his work with some sagacious political reflections on the state of manners and society in Spain. Nothing, we think, can more strongly point out the necessity of some kind of reform or *regeneration* in that unfortunate country, than the following description, which, under the government of Charles IVth., and his ministers, the Prince of Peace, and Don Pedro Cevallos was unhappily too correct.

‘ Artists, men of talents and learning, are languishing in obscurity, while pensions, and places are lavished on fools and intriguers.— Money is wanting for useful purposes, while it is wasted in keeping up a splendour, which adds nothing to the lustre of the throne, but which furnishes the discontented with most dangerous weapons.’

With respect to the manner in which the English translation of this valuable work has been *got up*, we have only to say that it is in many instances far below mediocrity.— *Jalousie*, a Spanish window-blind, is faithfully translated *jealousy*, and seems to have given the translator much uneasiness, as he has fairly bewildered himself, and his readers for several successive pages.

A thing called ‘ *a large quarto atlas* ’ is published along with those volumes, at the moderate price of one guinea. It contains a map of Spain, the intrinsic value of which is sixpence, and some vile scratches of public buildings, which seem to have been etched upon pewter trenchers, and which would sell very heavily in the print shops of St. Giles’s at a farthing each.

ART. VIII.—*A Letter to John Haygarth, M.D. F.R.S. London and Edinburgh, &c. from Colin Chisholm, M.D. F.R.S. &c. Author of an Essay on the Pestilential Fever; exhibiting farther Evidence of the infectious Nature of this fatal Distemper in Grenada, during 1793, 4, 5, and 6; and in the United States of America, from 1798 to 1805: in order to correct the pernicious Doctrine promulgated by Dr. Edward Miller, and other American Physicians relative to this destructive Pestilence. 8vo. Mawman. 1809.*

PERHAPS a more useful lesson was never read to the community than a scene exhibited two or three years ago in the centre of this metropolis, upon the stock-exchange. When the assembled merchants were informed that the negotiation for peace, entered into by the Grenville administration, was broken off, they could not restrain the tumultuous expression of their satisfaction. The air was rent with their clamorous demonstrations of joy. They could not express more clearly how much they were interested in the continuance of scenes of slaughter and devastation; and how lightly they estimated the tears of the widow and the orphan, in comparison with the success of mercantile speculation, and the gratification of mercantile cupidity. These interests then were (at that time at least) in direct opposition to that of the community; and the same event which elated their hearts, and covered their cheeks with smiles, should have drawn tears of sorrow and compassion from the true friends of peace, order, and humanity.

The calculations of avarice are apt to contaminate subjects which would seem most remote from considerations of profit and loss; and on which the community is most interested to form a calm and unbiassed judgment. A fever, for example, breaks out in a town. Is it, or is it not contagious? Nothing can be more important to the inhabitants than to determine its nature. But nothing is more difficult than to arrive at the truth. Idle terror on one hand, presumptuous confidence on the other, either exaggerates the danger, or makes men insensible to it. Besides these common sources of error, there is a large description of persons interested in stifling the truth; these are the traders, inn-keepers, and all those whose gains flow from the resort of strangers, and the free intercourse of the inhabitants with their neighbours. Such has been the violence and intemperance of persons of this description, that physicians have been terrified from giving their honest opinions, and thus the mischief, which might have been checked in the beginning, has been suffer-

ed to spread, till the devastation has bid defiance to every obstacle opposed to its progress.

Every appearance of the yellow-fever in the sea-port towns of our transatlantic brethren has given occasion to scenes like these. As the disease has been the scourge of the West India islands, no hypothesis is more natural, than to suppose it imported from places, with which they maintain a constant intercourse. But a party of great power and influence, even upon the legislature of the country, have felt themselves interested in tracing it to another source. This party consists of all those connected with foreign commerce; an immense body of people, and, we believe, like the merchants of England, totally regardless of the lives, liberties, and happiness of their fellow-creatures, and intent upon nothing but their commercial gains. We have seen this body of men so powerful as almost to excite an insurrection against the embargo laws; a measure which we doubt not that calm reflection will denominate the most wise, humane, and politic, which could be adopted under the circumstances of their country. Whilst trade flourishes what care those men if the miserable population of their sea-ports are destroyed by the pestilence? When the fever breaks out they run away into the country. *Sauve qui peut* is the order of the day. It is calculated, we presume, that the loss incident upon the scene of confusion which ensues, and the temporary stoppage of business is less than would arise from a prohibition of intercourse with infected places, or a regular quarantine.

Dr. Chisholm, in his Essay on the pestilential Fever, had strenuously supported the doctrine of the infectious nature of the yellow fever. The design of the present publication we will give in his own words.

* It is no doubt in your recollection how often we have regretted the diversity of opinion, which unhappily prevails in North America, on this interesting subject. Some of the physicians of that country, we have seen and lamented, entertain a very different opinion from ours, of the fever which has prevailed with so much destructive violence at different times in their cities; and have assigned a cause, which in our unrestrained discussion, we could perceive no rational nor existing grounds for. It is also doubtless in your recollection, that one of these physicians, Dr. Miller, of New York, has published a 'Report on the malignant Disease which prevailed in New York,' calculated for the maintenance and establishment of the opinion he and a few other American physicians have promulgated, viz. that this malignant disease has owed its origin to local and domestic causes alone. And you will likewise remember, that to promote the impression his report may have made on the public

mind, towards the establishment of this opinion, Dr. Miller, has, in an appendix to it, taken occasion to animadvert on the essay I some years ago published on the malignant pestilential fever of Granada, with a view to impugn the opinions I have therein upheld, and to subvert them by endeavouring to prove that these opinions were peculiar to myself, that the malignant pestilential and yellow remittent fevers of the West Indies are precisely the same disease; that my deduction of the former from the pestilential state of the ship *Hankey*, is founded on erroneous principles, false information, or fallacious appearances, and that in a letter of mine written to a friend, published without my concurrence, I have virtually relinquished the doctrine and principles I maintained in my essay. This very extraordinary report, and the still more extraordinary animadversion intended to support it, is the immediate occasion which presents me with the pleasure of addressing you. Considering, however, the statements I published in my essay, as founded on principles which were generally admitted and incontrovertible; it was my fixed resolution to maintain silence in every instance of controversy or opposition. Now I fear silence might be forced into the construction of conscious inability, and consequent abandonment of opinion. And I know it will be a source of real gratification to you, and every other physician, who, like you, has exerted himself in the cause of humanity, with an assiduity, an energy, a benevolence, and an acuteness and accuracy of observation worthy of such a cause, to have my doctrine and opinions vindicated from the insidious ratiocination of a speculatist, and to see them remain uninjured by the open and avowed promulgation of a theory subversive in its application, of the means of public safety from infection and pestilence.

From the extensive connection and perpetual intercourse of the inhabitants of our island, with the principal seat and focus of the pestilential fever, the question is as much British as American. Our sailors, our soldiers, and numbers of Britons in civil life, are deeply interested in it. We cannot therefore condemn the warmth with which Dr. Chisholm, a British physician, vindicates his claim to form his opinion, and to be attended to by the public, as well as the American practitioners. Besides his having exercised his profession in the West Indies, he resided several years in or near Philadelphia and New York during the revolutionary war. He is therefore perfectly acquainted with the localities of these situations, and competent to judge how far these may be supposed adequate to the production of pestilential fever.

Dr. Chisholm arranges his defence against the attack of Dr. Miller under the form of the following four propositions:

* *Proposition I.* That my opinions concerning the malignant pes-

tilential fever, as it appeared at Grenada, and the other West India islands in 1793, 4, 5, and 6, are not singular.

' *Proposition II.* That this fever and the yellow remittent are not precisely the same disease.

' *Proposition III.* That my deduction of the disease from the pestilential state of the ship *Hankey* is just, correct, and supported by evidence corroborative of that which I received from Mr. Paiba.'

' *Proposition IV.* That in my letter published in a mutilated form in the Medical Repository of New York, and quoted by Dr. Miller, I have not relinquished the doctrines and opinions I upheld in my essay.'

The proofs adduced by Dr. Chisholm in support both of the first and of the last of these propositions, being rather personal questions than of general interest, we shall pass over. The question whether the yellow fever differs only in degree from the remittent fever, which is endemic in many situations, or should be considered as a distinct idiopathic disease, is a point of the first importance. Those who maintain that the disease is a native of America, and generated by local circumstances, assert it to be no more than the highest *grade* of the common remittent; while their adversaries, at the head of whom is Dr. Chisholm, contend that it is distinct and peculiar; and assert that one great cause of the controversy has been owing to common cases of remittents having been mistaken for the malignant, we do not say the *yellow*, (for the symptom of yellowness is acknowledged to attend the common remittent;) but the malignant and pestilential fever. Dr. Chisholm attributes its origin to accumulation of filth of every description, more particularly of putrid animal matter in a very limited and unventilated space. This is the cause of the pestiferous atmosphere respired by the wretched inhabitants: a pestilential fever is the consequence, and this fever is propagated by contagion: something emanates from the person diseased, which attaches itself to the clothes or bedding, or furniture of the sick, or of the chambers where the sick are lodged.

' In cold temperate climates (says Dr. Chisholm, in language somewhat too florid, we think, for a calm enquiry on a scientific subject) we see a *simple* fever of infection, or typhus, is the consequence; within the tropics, there is superadded to the most malignant virus of typhous infection, many of the most distinguishing features of the most violent yellow remittent fever, thus forming a monstrous *compound*, which hitherto has not found a place in any nosological arrangement. It is a disease which, from this peculiar conformation is defined with difficulty, and is distinguished by shades which require the industry, the discernment, and the fidelity of a Claude Lorrain to delineate. It is hence we so often meet with

counterfeits, and with so many on whom the imposture has been too successfully practised; and it is hence a 'Libro di Verita' of its history and portraiture is become so indispensibly necessary. It is a disease, however, more obvious to the senses of the experienced, discerning, and unprejudiced observer, than capable of being thoroughly conceived by description. The coup d'œil of the former at once perceives and distinguishes it; in the latter it becomes too often doubtful, too often assumes the garb of the malignant offspring of marshes, when, in truth, it is 'hell-born.'

All this is not very definite, or precise; nor can we say that Dr. Chisholm has marshalled his demonstrations with the same regularity, that he has observed in the enunciation of his propositions. Much of the matter under his second head though strongly corroborative of his opinion that the pestilential fever is propagated by infection, is inapplicable to the proposition it professes to illustrate. At Philadelphia the authorities on each side were strong, though not perhaps equally balanced. The college of physicians conceive the disease to have been imported. The academy (we believe a private association) espoused the opposite opinion. On the nature of the disease the following are the sentiments of the college.

'The college of physicians of Philadelphia, acknowledged by all parties to be a respectable and enlightened body of men, declare solemnly their conviction, 1st. that the 'yellow fever' (so called) differs essentially from any other disease which is common to North America; and agrees in its most essential symptoms, with what is called the yellow fever in the West Indies. 2d. That it has been regularly traced to the vicinity of some vessel or vessels from the West Indies; or to persons or clothing connected with them. 3d. That the principal peculiarities of this fever are its contagious nature, the progress of the symptoms, and the mortality consequent on it. 4th. That to prove the contagious nature of this disease, would be equally useless as to prove the contagion of the plague. 5th. That in all their observation and practice, they know of no case where the autumnal bilious remittents of their country have proved contagious. 6th. That although these are sometimes attended with violent and dangerous symptoms, this striking characteristic of contagion being always absent, they never become an object of public dread or concern.' These corollaries are preceded by these pointed questions: Where do we see the first appearance of our pestilential fever? Is it amongst the marshes to the southwest of our city, or in the neighbourhood of our wharfs? Is it in the confined alleys, or on the salubrious banks of the Delaware at Kensington? Is it not always near those places where vessels from foreign countries are found? Do the fevers common to the country, steal on insensibly, infecting one person after another in a family, and in a neighbour-

hood? Are they equally severe in seasons so opposite as 1797 and 1798? They afterwards remark the very proposition I am contending for, viz. 'That very erroneous opinions on this subject have arisen, from confounding the pestilential fever with the malignant remittents of the West Indies and America;' and subjoin some remarkable proofs immediately applicable to the importation of infection in 1798, among which is the case of the ship *Deborah*, the prevarication, if not perjury, of whose captain is proved by the return of sick, by the steward, and by the information of the mate, and of two citizens of Philadelphia, and more especially by the letter of Dr. Bonnaville to Dr. Griffiths. These were the sentiments of the college in 1799.'

It is well worthy of remark that during the revolutionary war not a single instance of 'yellow' or malignant pestilential fever occurred. And yet at this time the city was more crowded, and more filthy than ever it was at any other time. This fact is strongly in favour of its being an imported disease. At the same time it militates against Dr. Chisholm's theory, which attributes its origin to the mere accumulation of filth and putrid animal matter. We are more inclined to think that there is a specific contagion distinct from mere putrefaction, and which perhaps is not cognizable by any of the senses.

Dr. Chisholm attributed the introduction of the pestilential fever at Grenada to infection imported from Bulama (on the coast of Africa) in the ship *Hankey*: In the state of this ship, he says,

'are to be found the remote causes of the dreadful fever, which has devastated the West India islands, the British army and navy, the principal cities and towns of North America, and some of the more populous sea-ports and towns of Spain in Europe. These again are discovered in the events which led to the fatal termination of the Bulama expedition; and they are stated, in a very clear and manly manner by Captain Beaver, the whole of whose conduct reflects the highest honour on him.'

The public have been put in possession of the facts concerning the unhappy fate of the adventurers to Bulama, with the intention of establishing a colony on that island from captain Philip Beaver's '*African Memoranda*,' whose narrative of the proceedings is written with a candour and *naïveté*, which stamp it with the seal of authority and truth. These ill-fated persons embarked at Gravesend on board of two vessels, the *Calypso* and the *Hankey*. Out of two hundred and ninety-four persons, one hundred and twenty-six, or nearly one half, died. The far greater numbers were cut

off by a pestilential fever. Many of the survivors re-embarked on board the *Hankey*, and sailed to the West Indies. During the passage several more died, and in particular one man who had been very recently received from another ship. These circumstances seem to render it indisputable that this ship was infected with a contagious fever of the greatest malignity: and therefore that it might have occasioned the pestilential fever which desolated Grenada in the year 1793. But when Dr. Chisholm describes it as

‘a nova pestis’—‘a peculiar, original, foreign pestilence, recently generated, and utterly unknown before, endued with a new and distinct character, possessing new powers of devastation, and capable of propagating itself by contagion throughout the world,’

we must beg leave to pause before we can give our unqualified assent to this conclusion.

However destructive was the fever to the *Bulama* sufferers, we see no reason to suppose it a novel disease, or characterized by any peculiar features, distinct from the common contagious fever. Our own *typhus gravior*, or jail and hospital fever is at times equally malignant and destructive. And considering that infection from this source must be perpetually passing over even from the European ports to the West Indies, we see not how it is possible to account for its superior powers of destruction in these regions, without considering the nature of the climate, and particularly the effect of it upon European bodies. If physicians of no small discernment have confounded the *yellow remittent*, and the *malignant pestilential* fevers, and if Dr. Chisholm himself has failed to convey to his readers any distinctive marks by which to discriminate them, candour exacts the acknowledgment that they greatly approximate in their form and features. Speaking with the diffidence which is becoming those who have never practised in warm climates, we should conjecture that the same causes, be they what they may, which aggravate the endemic remittent so much as to make it pass for the pure yellow fever, heighten also the malignancy and mortality of the pestilential fever. These causes surely are local causes. Perhaps they may be principally the heat of the climate, improper diet, and noxious exhalations. The Anglo-Americans and the West Indians, though living almost under a tropical sun, use abundance of animal food; and indulge plentifully in spirituous potations. If numbers of young men carrying with them our customs to the West India islands, are cut off in twenty-four hours or less, without the aid of any infectious fever, can we wonder that infection

when received is so rapid and destructive? Perhaps, too, some of the transatlantic physicians have been fanciful in the causes they have assigned to this fever, and have exaggerated the evils and nuisances under which their sea-port towns labour. But we must give our own testimony that we have heard from an unprejudiced witness, that the city of New York some years ago was absolutely offensive to the nostrils during the hot months, from the accumulation of filth and the want of proper drains. Probably too it is much more crowded and close than during the revolutionary war, from the great increase of commerce, and influx of settlers. Whether this is enough to explain the facts we will not determine. There is a certain *raison d'être*, a something that eludes the grasp of human intellect, in the formation of epidemics. Why in our own climate the small pox, measles, and whooping cough should at some seasons be mild, and at others malignant, it is beyond the power of any man in the present imperfect condition of medical knowledge to determine.

There are some points in which the pestilential fever and the plague are remarkably different; a difference has been observed in the mode of communicating the contagion. It seems probable that the plague cannot be communicated except by actual contact of an infected person, we presume either immediate, or intermediate, through the clothes, &c. A diseased atmosphere does not appear to possess the power of infection. But in the pestilential fever, an infectious atmosphere is formed around the diseased person, and contact is not necessary. A second distinction is perceived in the atmospheric temperature necessary to give prevalence to each disease respectively. The contagion of plague can only become active in a temperature between forty and eighty degrees; a temperature below or above these degrees extinguishes it. The contagion of the malignant pestilential fever, becomes prevalent only in a temperature between seventy and ninety degrees; but it is extinguished or suspended in a higher, and probably cannot exist in a much lower.

When men of talents and integrity, (and it would be extreme want of candour to deny that there are such among the supporters of each side of this controversy) espouse with great warmth opposite sides of a question, we are apt to suspect that neither party are wholly wrong, and that the truth may be found by pursuing a middle course. When we find such men as Dr. Rush, Dr. Mitchell, and (we believe) Dr. Woodhouse, strenuous champions of the cause, which Dr. Chisholm so severely impugns, however little we are disposed to yield to the authority of names, we cannot believe that there are not facts on the opposite side. Dr. Rush, and other enlightened advocates of the endemic system, do not

deny *their* yellow fever to be contagious, though some other resolute theorists have gone this length. Surely then it may be imported; and this is quite sufficient to justify Dr. Chisholm and others, who insist on the necessity of a rigid system of quarantine upon all vessels coming from infected places; and upon the adoption of every proper measure to prevent the spreading of the disease, when it first appears. If it be granted too that the mere accumulation of filth is not enough to generate infectious fever, it is also evident that it is enough to produce dangerous remittents, with malignant symptoms. They, therefore, who have been so anxious to warn their fellow-citizens of the evil consequences of such abominable nuisances, and to exhort them to drain, cleanse, and purify their cities, deserve well of their countrymen, and of humanity. The example of London, which has escaped from the visitation of the plague, ever since the year 1666, in consequence principally of these measures, is a sufficient evidence of the wisdom of their counsels.

Dr. Chisholm himself seems to us in one passage to concede almost as much as would be demanded by a liberal opponent.

‘It often happens,’ he says, ‘that when the contagion of a pestilential disease has been once imported, (and incontestible proofs of this I have already adduced) its recurrence at subsequent periods may not require fresh importation. The seminum of the disease may be preserved in clothes, and when the temperature of the atmosphere, habits of the inhabitants exposed to it, and other predisposing circumstances concur, then the evolution and action of its virus may with certainty take place, and become as fatal as after the original importation. The records of plague, small-pox, and yellow fever (malignant pestilential) abound with manifest proofs of this. Is it not, then, more probable that this happened in the United States, than that their sea-ports should be, maugre the utmost exertions of the executive of their government, sinks of pestilence from causes existing in, and inseparably attached to their soil?’

In an appendix we meet with some valuable documents. The first is a letter from the late Dr. John Gordon of the island of St. Croix, to Dr. Haygarth. Whenever yellow fever appeared on this island Dr. Gordon is confident that it was imported, and believes that he was always able to trace it to its source. But in the Danish islands, as elsewhere, the medical men were divided in opinion, and formed themselves into parties; and the jealousy of traders opposed great obstacles to quarantine regulations. To be the first in the market is the grand object of these gentry; and he little heeds whether or not he imports the plague with his pepper and cotton. The Roman patrician rule of action has equal preponderance among all merchants.

— cave ne portus occupet alter.—
Ne Cybaritica, ne Bythina negotia perdas.

Many of the quarantine regulations are unnecessarily burdensome, from want of a proper knowledge of the real medium of infection. If cotton, coffee, or any other substance, from simply being damaged, cannot convey a pestilence, why adopt regulations with regard to the cargoes of vessels, which are vexatious, tedious, expensive, and at the same time useless? If human infection be the only original source, it will be enough that precautions be confined to the sick, their apartments, clothes, bedding, or whatever has been in contact or approached their bodies. Under these limitations, it is probable that the necessary measures may be taken with very little impediment to trade.

It appears, upon a close scrutiny, that the fever at Gibraltar in August 1804, was conveyed into the garrison from Cadiz. Dr. Fellowes has informed Dr. Haygarth,

'that one Sancho had been an inmate of a family at Cadiz, when they were ill of this pestilence, that he left Cadiz, on the 25th of August, 1804, and was attacked with this distemper in Gibraltar, whither he had returned on the 27th. Sancho kept a retail grocer's shop. Near it was a canteen, or liquor shop, whither the fever soon spread. From these two houses with which numerous visitors had undoubtedly, hourly intercourse, who had not the least suspicion that they contained any infectious patients, many families in the neighbourhood speedily received this mortal distemper. Dr. Fellowes shewed me a ground plan which he had taken of the streets first infected, that illustrated in an excellent manner the progress of the epidemic. In consequence of the fatal error and positive assurances that this pestilential fever was not infectious, you know that it rapidly spread, attacked about twelve thousand, and became mortal to between five and six thousand patients.'

This memorable example is of itself sufficient to justify the warmth with which Dr. Chisholm has sustained his hypothesis, and ought to deter visionary speculators from inconsiderately calling in question opinions, which have been sanctioned by the experience of ages, and on which depend the lives of thousands of their fellow beings. We think that the author of this letter merits the warmest thanks of the friends of humanity.

ART. IX.—*The Mother, a Poem, in five Books. By Mrs. West. Author of 'Letters to a Young Man,' &c. 12mo. pp. 242. Longman. 1809.*

WE were sorry to see a lady who has obtained so deserv-

edly high a reputation by her excellence in one interesting species of composition, hazard the loss or diminution of her fame, by attempting what, even with the most perfect success in the accomplishment, would scarcely have added to it. We have been amazed by the 'Gossip's Story,' have shed tears over 'a Tale of the Times;' but from a didactic poem on a subject of dry moral reasoning and instruction, our expectations either of pleasure or improvement are very limited indeed. It is impossible, we are persuaded, that time can be more sadly misemployed, or genius more effectually thrown away, than in so futile an occupation. If the writer is indeed possessed of the smallest poetical talent, he must be perpetually at variance with the stubborn and intractable nature of his theme; the chain of his reasoning must be broken by repeated digression, the force of his lessons weakened by the unwelcome interference of the lighter powers of his fancy. If, on the contrary, the didactic poet is gifted with none of these dangerous propensities to wander from the straight line of his unbending subject, in what is his poem likely to exceed a prose essay tending to the same end? and on the other hand, how will his arguments be checked and confined by the shackles of metre, and the supposed necessity of what is called figurative ornament and elevated diction?

In addition to these general obstacles, Mrs. West has had a particular one to encounter in the very choice of her subject, the first division of which, viz. 'infancy,' has been preoccupied in the very same style of composition by an elder writer. Many of our readers are, doubtless, familiar with Dr. Downman's 'infancy,' a didactic poem like Mrs. West's, in blank verse also like Mrs. West's, and on which we believe that very favourable judgments have been passed by the critics of a former day. We have no intention of calling those judgments in question on the present occasion, and shall only observe, that, if they were at all well-founded, Mrs. West's labours on the same theme, might have been spared with great advantage to herself.

After we have said that the remaining books of this poem are devoted to the subjects of, 2. Religious Instruction, 3. Education, 4. Separation from Children, and 5. Maternal Sorrows: and after acknowledging, which we do with the utmost satisfaction, that under each of these several heads are comprised precepts of the most unexceptionable tendency, and worthy of the most serious consideration in a moral view; we think that we shall sufficiently have performed our duty, and given our readers a just idea of the character of the work, *as a poem*, by presenting them with the argument

of the first book, as a specimen of the author's management of her subject, and by selecting one or two impartial instances of her execution of it.

'Argument.—Invocation to Nature.—Address to young women to be careful in their conjugal choice.—Licentious, irreligious men make bad fathers.—A coxcomb described in low life—considered as the father of a family.—Misfortune of having a spendthrift husband, or an illiterate, covetous one.—Not to expect a faultless character.—Misery of communicating hereditary diseases to children.—Marriage requires fortitude and patience.—Birth of a first born child.—Its supposed address to its mother.—Transport of the parents; yet fear is blended with joy.—Its baptism.—Attention of the mother to the infant's bodily wants and diseases.—Death of a young child.—Blamable grief of the mother. The sorrows and cares of her, whose family encreases beyond her means of supporting it.—Advantages of a hardy education and early difficulties.—The wealthy enjoined not to make their children selfish, or vain, or fastidious.—The aspect of the times requires generosity, and fortitude.—Danger of Britain.—State of European sovereigns.—Sweden.—Emigration of the Braganza family.'

There is no branch or topic of this argument more susceptible of genuine pathos or of the finer, and more exquisite graces of poetry than the 'death of a young child.'—Let us see how our authoress has treated this most affecting subject. We must begin our quotation from the conclusion of a preceding head, that of 'Baptism.'

'Thus in the christian commonwealth enroll'd
A future claimant of those glorious hopes;
Transcending thought! maternal care reverts
From the undying spirit heav'n-derived,
To its frail tenement of clay, earth-born,
And earth-devoted, ev'n in early life
The never resting family of pain
Vex with allow'd hostility the race
Of rebel Adam. Instruments of good,
Tho' of infernal origin, they come,
By the sharp anguish of the suffering babe
To discipline the mother, and exalt
Her carnal wishes, still inclined to build
Her tabernacle on Mount Taber's side;
Nor, looking o'er it on th' eternal hills,
Seek a more firm foundation for her hopes.
For this her heart is often doom'd to wail;
Her beauteous scion, blasted as a plant
Pierced at the root by reptile vermin, droops;
Nor genial suns, nor tepid gales, nor showers
Call'd by Favonius from the balmy south,

Renew its freshness. Thus, Celina, fail'd,
Thy anxious care to save the loveliest babe
Heav'n ever lent to man; whose cherub smile
Spoke the mild beauty of the happy realm
To which the infant pilgrim soon aspired,
Weary of suffering, to assume the crown
Of immortality. And did thy grief,
Celina, swell beyond the lawful bound
Of calm regret, which, while it deeply feels,
Endures the chastisement in meekness? Yes,
Frantic in agony thou didst accuse
Capricious heaven, thus early to resume
A gift so highly prized, so long desired;
Shrouding in endless gloom thy day-dreams, erst
Employ'd in painting the fair creature's fame,
Prosperity, and bliss. O most unwise
And most unhappy! Hast thou not survived
To wish thy other offspring in the grave
In holy hope, like this now envied child,
Reposing? Then had thy sad heart escaped
The mother's tortures most extreme, who lives
To every fear, but dies to every joy:
While, like accursed Cain, her guilty race
Wander, abhorr'd and dreaded through the land.' P. 23—25.

We will not deny that there may be, in the preceding passage, some expressions, some sentiments, calculated to touch the feelings of parents, especially of such as have been exposed by Providence to the severe trial which is here described. Yet, considering the ground-work of the painting, and what a field it presents to the enthusiasm of poetical melancholy, we are afraid that it will not impress our readers with a favourable opinion of the poem now before them. Nevertheless it was selected by us in the most perfect impartiality, and we do not believe that we could easily find a passage better qualified to sustain or establish the reputation of its author.

Aware of the dry, metaphysical nature of the subject she had chosen, Mrs. West seems to have thought it necessary, (as will appear from the argument of her first book,) to diversify it by episodes or digressions the most foreign to its design and tendency.—This is always a bad plan in itself, and we cannot compliment our fair author upon the spirit with which she has executed it. Upon the whole, while we wish that it may be our fortune often again to meet with Mrs. West on occasions suitable to her real genius and disposition, we hope that she never more will appear before us as the writer of a didactic poem.

CRITICAL MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

RELIGION.

ART. 10.—*The Expediency of translating our Scriptures into several of the Oriental Languages, and the Means of rendering those Translations useful, in an Attempt to convert the Nations of India to the Christian Faith; a Sermon preached by special Appointment, before the University of Oxford, November 8, 1807. By the Rev. William Barrow, of Queen's College, L.L.D. and F.S.A. Author of an Essay on Education, and the Bampton Lecture Sermons for 1799. pp. 29. 4to. Rivington. 1808.*

'IF it be enquired,' says the author, 'from what original text the projected translations should be made, I venture to recommend our own authorised version;'—This struck us at the first perusal, as a very strange proposal; and it does not appear less strange upon subsequent reflection.—When it is intended to translate a book written in the eastern idiom of Palestine, into the idioms of a more remote part of the east, who could imagine that a learned doctor, to whom Hebrew and Arabic ought to be as familiar as A B C, should seriously advise that this book should first be rendered into English before it is turned into Hindostanee; or that when we want an eastern version of the Bible we should have recourse to an European translation, instead of resorting to the original in a dialect of the east?—If we were going to translate the Bible into Spanish, what scholar could recommend the translation to be made from a Bible in Erse? Every translation loses and must necessarily lose much of the spirit, and something even of the sense of the original; and more of this spirit and sense must be lost in proportion as the version is made from sources more remote from the original. A version may be made from a version till all resemblance to the original is lost.—The English authorized version of the scriptures is faulty in numerous instances, and these faults would not only be retained, but be multiplied by the plan of translation which Dr. Barrow proposes to adopt; so that by the time the songs of Sion became vernacular on the banks of the Ganges, they would preserve less of the inspiration of the sanctuary than the doggrel discords of Sternhold and Hopkins which are chanted by some Irish devotees in the purlieus of St. Giles's.—The learned Dr. Barrow thinks that by adopting the authorized version as the original he would greatly facilitate the performance of the task.—Here, again, we dissent from the doctor; for the task of translation is easy in proportion as the two languages, one of which is to be rendered into the other, have a closer affinity in their phraseology and idiom. It would be easier to translate a book out of Latin into Italian, or out of Italian into Latin,

than out of German into French, or out of French into German. It must be easier to translate a book from the Hebrew into the Arabic, the Persic, or Hindostanee than into English; for the idioms of the former languages are much more diverse from that of Great Britain, than they are from the ancient dialect of Palestine.—In addition to the recommendation of the Doctor in his projected translations to confer on our own authorized version the dignity and importance of the original text, his kind concern for the spiritual welfare of the Hindoos, causes him to advise '*without hesitation or reserve,*' that we should increase this rare favour of a translation in an extraneous idiom by that of '*such a commentary,* as teaches our own peculiar faith, the creed of our national church.'—Thus the Athanasian creed, and the thirty-nine articles are at last to be made competitors for belief with the visions of Mahomed, and the ceremonies of Brahma.—Thus, while they are declining in repute in the west, they are to be transported in a new dress to acquire fresh consideration in the east. But, is not the east already sufficiently bewildered with mysteries without our adding to the stock?

ART. 11.—*Discursory Considerations on the Hypothesis of Dr. Macknight and others, that St. Luke's Gospel was the first written. By a Country Clergyman. 8vo. pp. 180. Rivington. 1808.*

THE author strenuously, and, as far as the subject will permit, ably, contends for the priority of the composition of St. Luke's gospel in point of time to that of the other evangelists. Though we applaud his learning and his diligence, we cannot assent to his hypothesis; not merely because it is contradicted by the concurrent testimony of antiquity, but because it does not furnish such satisfactory explanations of the phenomena as the hypothesis of Dr. Marsh. We do not say that the hypothesis of Dr. Marsh appears to us the true, or that it is not liable to serious objections; but those objections are not so weighty nor so numerous as those which might be adduced against the theory which is vindicated in the present discursory considerations.

ART. 12.—*Scripture the only Guide to Religious Truth;—a Narrative of the Proceedings of the Society of Baptists in York, in relinquishing the popular Systems of Religion, from the Study of the Scriptures. To which is added a brief Account of their present Views of the Faith, and Practice of the Gospel. In a Series of Letters to a Friend. By David Eaton. 12mo. pp. 154. Sold by the author, 187, High Holborn. 1809.*

THIS is a republication of a work, some parts of which will be found to contain a very sensible and potent antidote to the spurious Christianity which is so much in vogue.—We are sorry that the author should have gone out of his way to vindicate the system of the materialists.

ART. 13.—*Occasional Sermons. In two Volumes. By the Rev. Robert Lucas, D.D. Rector of Ripple in the County of Worcester, and Vicar of Pattishall, Northamptonshire. pp. 435. Longman. 1809*

THESE occasional sermons, which are plain and sensible compositions, are likely to prove an acceptable present to some of our clerical friends. For their sakes we shall enumerate the contents. They consist of fourteen sermons, three of which are on Sunday schools, and two on parochial clubs. Two are assize sermons; one was preached at a music meeting, for the benefit of distressed clergymen and their families; one before the mayor and corporation of Northampton; and one before the university of Cambridge. Two were delivered at a visitation, and two for the benefit of a charity school, and an infirmary.

POLITICS.

ART. 14.—*Outlines of a political Survey of the English Attack on Denmark in the Year 1807; translated from the Danish of C.F. Hellfried, Commander of the Order of Danbrog, and Post-Master-General of Denmark; by the Author of a Tour in Zealand, with an historical Sketch of the Battle of Copenhagen, in 1801, &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 236. 6s. Baldwin. 1809.*

WE cannot be surprized at the inveterate resentment against this country which lurks in the bosom of every honest Dane, on account of the conflagration of his capital, and the spoliation of his marine which were projected and executed by the present ministry in 1807. No feeling is so strong nor so permanent as that of injustice; and no injustice, that was ever perpetrated by one nation against another can well exceed that which was exercised by this country against the unoffending Danes. It was not merely that injustice which consists in the violation of right, but which was aggravated by treachery and insult.—The disgrace, which this nefarious transaction has brought on the political character of this country can be expiated, and the rancour which it has excited in a power which was sincerely disposed to be friendly to us, can be appeased, only by the most ample restitution. This restitution is demanded by every claim of honour, and, comprehensively considered, even by the calculations of interest. When the English troops had obtained the surrender of the Danish navy, Lord Cathcart removed his head quarters to the citadel for the purpose, as he professed, of being better able to maintain public order.

‘These new head-quarters,’ says the author, ‘were to be delivered up, agreeably to the 5th article of the capitulation, in the same condition in which they had been surrendered. The presence of the general-in-chief did not, however, preserve the church of the garrison from sacrilege; tables, benches, and bedsteads were destroyed and carried off; implements, and iron-stoves were taken out of the barracks and other places. The quarantine-house, which is situated near the lime-kilns, on the citadel-road, was also plun-

dered, and sustained much damage; and yet this institution is an establishment of public safety, it is accessible to all commercial states, and is, therefore, necessarily entitled to the general protection of the law of nations! But nothing can convey a more adequate idea of the characters of the commanders-in-chief than that solemn meeting, which took place in the king's yard for the purpose of celebrating with every degree of military pomp, the triumph of Sir Home Popham, when he caused the ship of the line, which was nearly ready for launching, to be thrown over, it having been previously sawed through in various places. Thus the supreme British authorities made the wondrous exploits of Sir Home their own acts and deeds, and, in characters never to be effaced, subscribed their names to the transactions in Zealand, in the year 1807. They did every thing to aggravate the remembrance of the British expedition, and there is no doubt, that the latest annals of the world will exhibit that enterprize not only as a disgrace to British politics, but as a warning to all nations, and to Denmark in particular. The peaceable salute of British fleets, as they pass by forts and batteries, must not henceforth be esteemed a mark of respect and friendship; and the payment of the toll in the Sound, by British transports will be considered (as it was on the 4th and 5th of August, 1807,) a stratagem to conceal the hostile purpose, for the execution of which, the captain of the fleet issued the order on the 7th of August. An interchange of those public tokens, which were understood by all nations, and sacred to their commanders, cannot, in future, be made with England; nor is the report of a British gun at sea to be taken as a seaman's word of honour.

The following is an account of the work of unnecessary destruction, which was done to the capital of a neutral power, in order to obtain forcible possession of her marine:

'The cathedral was destroyed, with the exception of the walls; two other churches, and several public institutions and buildings received material injury. Three hundred and five houses were burnt down, and considerable quantities of corn, malt, furniture, tradesmen's tools, and materials were annihilated, together with seventeen private libraries, which contained various scarce works and manuscripts in all departments of science, and above seventy-five thousand volumes; independently of several smaller collections, and the stock of three booksellers, valued at forty-two thousand rix-dollars. Several collections of curiosities and scientific instruments were also consumed. Twelve hundred houses sustained considerable damage, as did the furniture of the inhabitants, and three large libraries. Eleven hundred unarmed inhabitants, of whom two-thirds were women and children, were killed, or died in various ways from the effects of terror; about eight hundred were wounded, among whom many never will recover their health and strength. Seven thousand families were, for the time, driven from their homes: five or six hundred tradesmen were put out of employment, and their families deprived of means of subsistence. Independently of

the poorest class of people, two thousand families have applied to be relieved by the contributions collected throughout the kingdoms; perhaps a greater number, whom a sense of delicacy restrains, suffer additional distress amidst endless tortures of mind. Such are the monuments, which the British commanders have left behind them in Denmark. But they, and their employers, will assuredly be rightly judged by the feeling, thinking, and calculating part of the British people.'

ART. 15.—*Sketches on Political Economy, illustrative of the Interests of Great Britain; intended as a Reply to Mr. Mill's Pamphlet, 'Commerce defended, with an Exposition of some of the leading Tenets of the Economists.* pp. 124. 3s. 6d. Longman 1809.

THESE Sketches embrace the following subjects of discussion, 'value; agriculture the source of national wealth; capital; manufactures; commerce; consumption; public debts.' On these topics the author supports the doctrine of the economists with less qualification or reserve than even Mr. Spence. He begins with attempting a definition of '*value*,' upon which he expends a good many words without throwing much light upon the subject. He first plunges into a sort of metaphysical labyrinth, from which he does not extricate himself without considerable difficulty. He says 'in attempting to establish the criterion of value, the first circumstance which occurs is its strict correspondence with want.' Now we all venture to say that this *strict correspondence* is far from being the first thing that would strike a man of good common sense on sitting down to define the meaning of the word, or to develop the idea of the thing. The author does not tell us what he means by *want*, but, from what follows, we conclude that he considers it as analogous to *necessity*. But yet the wants which tend most to give a value to more than half the objects of human pursuit, or of commercial exchange are the *artificial*, which cannot truly be denominated '*necessities*.' The author says, in the next sentence, '*all our desires depend upon our necessities*;' and when the latter are supplied the former are at an end.'—But, compared with the countless multiplicity of our desires, how few depend upon our necessities? We are then told, that 'a person desires to eat no longer than he is hungry; which is true as far as respects the natural, but not the artificial desire, as those who have ever been present at a well furnished table or '*a dubious dinner*,' may readily recollect. But what has all this to do with the definition of value? Does the author mean, when a man '*desires to eat no longer than he is hungry*,' that with him food loses its *criterion of value*, because it has no longer a *strict correspondence with want*? Agreeably to his position that want is the criterion of value, the author goes on to say that 'the value of commodities always corresponds with the proportion which they bear in quantity to our necessities;' and that 'as objects of desire are multiplied, want is reduced.' But surely the latter proposition is not true, for is it not always the case that *wants*, which the author considers as synonymous at least with *desires*, increase in pro-

portion as the objects of desire are multiplied? Indeed how can it be otherwise? For does not the multiplication of objects of desire suppose the multiplication of desires? The author then says, that '*value arises from scarcity*,' and that '*value may be defined labour*.' Here the author has bewildered himself into an erroneous conclusion, by not considering that value must be of two kinds, one of which relates solely or chiefly to exchange, and the other to enjoyment; the one of which has a relation to scarcity and the other to abundance; of which the one is more the object of art, and the product of man in society, and the other more the gift of the deity, and the creation of infinite benevolence. An object may, from its scarcity, have great value with respect to exchange, and little with respect to enjoyment; while another may have no value in exchange and yet contribute largely to the happiness of human life. A diamond may have great exchangeable value, and a spring of fresh water may have none at all; but yet who can calculate how much it may contribute to the pleasure of existence? Will the author say that fresh water has no *value*, though it will not accord with his definition of what value is? For he defines value to consist in labour, and to originate in scarcity. The author considers agriculture as the *only source of national wealth*. Here, what the author asserts resolves itself into a mere logomachy about the meaning of wealth, and the greater or less number of ideas which we are to comprehend in the term. If by '*national wealth*,' the author means merely the national stock of bread and meat, we shall not quarrel with his assertion, for, we cannot tell him how bread and meat can be better produced than by cultivating the earth, and attending to the production of wheat and the propagation of sheep and cattle. But does not the author recollect, or does he write too much in the vicinity of the north-pole to know, that there are such words in the English language as *roast-beef and plum pudding*? These sounds are silvery-sweet to the ear of an Englishman; and he would be very sorry to have the scheme of the economists so far carried into practice as to destroy the dear and long-cherished association. But does not the author recollect that though the beef, in this proverbial picture of British felicity, be the product of the soil, at least some of the principal ingredients in the pudding are the import of that commerce against which he declaims? But perhaps the economists and their advocates have found out a method how to make plum-pudding without plums! In this case we reviewers, who have no ships at present coming from the Levant, should be much obliged to them for the receipt. To be as grave as the author, who comes forth invested with an air of metaphysical profundity—the prosperity of Great Britain appears to be intimately identified not only with her agriculture but with her commerce, and every period of her history will prove that it is her commercial greatness which, by a powerful re-action, has contributed so much to her present high state of agricultural improvement.

POETRY.

ART. 19.—*Bidcombe Hill, with other Rural Poems.* By the Rev. Francis Skurray, A.M. 12mo. pp. 153. Miller. 1808.

THE principal poem in this collection opens with an invocation to the shade of Denham.—

‘ Spirit of Denham ! I invoke thy spell :
Thou, who didst first presume to string the lyre
To unknown strains of local poesy,
With kindred inspiration aid my song.’

Without stopping to enquire why Mr. Skurray, when professing himself a follower of that great descriptive poet, has thought fit to despise the advantages of his lofty and sonorous rhyme, and adapt himself either to the bad taste of the age, or the poverty of his own genius, by the preference of heavy and monotonous blank verse, we shall only say that, for this or some other reason, the shade of Denham has not yet condescended to return an answer to his humble address. *Bidcombe-Hill* is as flat and prosaic a performance as the foolish rage for imitating Cowper has ever produced. A very short specimen will suffice, selected on account of its embracing a topic on which the poetical spirit cannot fail of displaying itself, if it really exists, the tender recollections and associations of early life.

‘ In the low vale, beneath yon tufted mount
Is the neat cot where reverend Theron dwells,
The guide and pastor of the village train,
The dear companion of my earlier days.
Not long ago, on Cherwell’s banks we moved,
Link’d arm in arm, like other tasselled youths,
Conversing on the day, when we should guide
Our village flocks to virtue and to Heaven.

‘ Long would we linger by the classic stream,
Musing on schemes which ardent fancy formed,
Till the loud bell from Merton’s ancient pile
Recall’d us home to join in evening prayer.’

We do not know how it might have been at Merton college while Mr. Skurray was an undergraduate. But we do not recollect that, in our times, or those of our fathers, the topics above alluded to, formed an usual subject of conversation among the ‘ tassell’d youths.’

The smaller pieces, which fill about half of the volume, are some of them very amorous, some of them very sentimental, but none in the least degree poetical. The ‘ Ode to the river Isis, on revisiting its banks with a college friend after five years of absence from the University,’ is chiefly remarkable for the author’s remembrance of the time when :

' Sometimes I row'd against thy stream,
To Wytham village bound,
To feast on strawberries and cream,
Reclining on the ground.'

But, although we do not think the letter-press of this little volume very valuable, it would look invidious in us not to add that it possesses a merit of much more general estimation than any that can be found in poetry, however exquisite—four engravings of very superior elegance.

ART. 17.—*Europe; Lines on the Present War.* By Reginald Heber, M.A. Hatchard. 1809.

WHEN from the fields of 'Palestine' Mr. Heber directs his steps homeward, we hail his return to 'Europe,' and feel assured that he will call at Parnassus by the way.

The opening of his new poem, which has at least had the advantage of local inspiration, being written 'in Dresden's grove,' is most happily circumstantial:

'—Through tangled bows the broken moonshine play'd,
And Elbe slept soft beneath his linden shade :—
Yet slept not all, I heard the ceaseless jar,
The rattling waggons, and the wheels of war ;
The sounding lash, the march's mingled hum,
And—lost and heard by fits—the languid drum ;
O'er the near bridge the thund'ring hoofs that trode,
And the far-distant life that thrill'd along the road.
Yes, sweet it seems across some wat'ry dell
To catch the music of the pealing bell ;
And sweet to list, as on the beach we stray,
The ship-boy's carol in the wealthy bay ;—
But sweet no less, when Justice points the spear,
Of martial wrath the glorious din to hear ;
To catch the war-note on the quivering gale,
And bid the blood-red paths of conquest hail.'

We cannot forbear continuing the extract for a dozen more lines :

' Oh song of Hope, too long delusive strain !
And hear we now thy flattering voice again ?
But late alas ! I left thee cold and still,
Stunn'd by the wrath of heaven, on Pratzers * hill.
Oh ! on that hill may no kind month renew
The fertile rain, the sparkling summer-dew !

* A hill near the town of Ansterlitz, upon which the fatal battle between Austria and France was most obstinately contested.

Accursed of God, may those bleak summits tell
 The field of anger, where the mighty fell !
 There youthful Faith and high-born Courage rest,
 And red with slaughter Freedom's humbled crest ;
 There Europe, soil'd with blood her tresses gray,
 And ancient Honour's shield—all vilely thrown away !

While he is thus 'sadly musing,' the poet is borne in fancy from the giant 'Elbe all silver bright' to the hills of Helvetia, where he describes the guardian angel of Europe, and from his lips heaves an appalling statement, of which, as far as the subject is concerned, we have deeply to regret the correctness, and with regard to the lines themselves, slightly to censure their obscurity ! We cannot sympathise with the panegyrick on Mr. Pitt, though we are willing to admit that there is much spirit in the execution.

NOVELS.

ART. 18.—*The Cottage of the Var: a Tale.* 3 Vols. Tipper. 1809.

THE word novel generally palls upon our ears, and almost strikes us with disgust. But when we are fortunate enough out of the ninety-nine to find one that is not unexceptionable, one in which good sense and delicacy are combined, it gives us much satisfaction. *The Cottage of the Var* contains much to commend, and little to blame. Virtue is rewarded, and vice is punished.—We have no very horrid catastrophes, no very direful disasters ; but those circumstances which are brought forward to excite interest, are of such a nature, and so conjoined, that they have the desired effect. We are presented with many delightful scenes, rural excursions, and interesting occurrences, &c. We have a very well drawn character in the young Comte d'Aubigny, who though a young man with great warmth of temper, strong passions, and brought up in the vortex of Parisian dissipation, is open to the charms of feminine virtue in the character of Celestina. These characters are well contrasted. The Italian female is well drawn, as well as the Italian fratricide. D'Aubigny's escapes and rescues are wonderful ; but the plan is so well combined that it does not present any outrageous violation of probability. The different characters are brought naturally on, and move as naturally off the stage ; they are besides, on the whole, well grouped, and the colouring is smooth without being *vapid*. The keeping of the piece is correct enough, at least much better than that of many novels which it is our sad destiny to peruse.

ART. 19.—*The Dominican, a Romance; of which the principal Facts are taken from Events relating to a Family of Distinction which emigrated from France during the Revolution.* By Captain T. Williamson. 3 vols. Longman. 1809.

THIS romance is dedicated to his most christian majesty Louis XVIII. In this dedication, and also in the preface, the author in-

forms us that many of the anecdotes are genuine, though he has blended them with fictitious matter. The story is too complicated to allow us to give the heads of it, but it is not without interest; and it is certainly very inoffensive with respect to its morality. Many of the characters are well drawn and well supported, though we cannot say much for their novelty. —We have a monster in the form of the Dominican, who stops at no atrocious act to satisfy his views of ambition, and another, in the character of the chief of a banditti, who is represented as the younger brother of the count de St. Hilaire, a most amiable nobleman, upon whose life he makes various attempts through the instigation of the wicked Dominican, whose daughter he had married. The character of the Dominican is a close copy of the character of Shedoni in Mrs. Radcliffe's *Italian*, though not drawn with so much force and discrimination. The delays and the dangers, which the count de St. Hilaire experiences in the course of his journey are very naturally described, and his character, as well as that of his wife are well drawn, and very amiable. Annette, and Paulina with the old royalist, Philip St. Amand, are happily portrayed, the two former with much simplicity, and the latter with great energy, and effect. We can very safely recommend this novel to those who are lovers of this kind of reading; it contains nothing that is likely to corrupt or vitiate the mind;—the characters, which are copied from other works of this kind, are well selected, and those which the author may claim as his own, are very well sketched on the whole.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ART. 20.—*The Military Cabinet; being a Collection of Extracts from the best Authors, both ancient and modern, interspersed with occasional Remarks, and arranged under different Heads, the whole calculated to convey Instruction in the most agreeable Manner, and to give to young Officers correct Notions in regard to many Subjects belonging to, or connected with the Military Profession. In three Volumes, By Captain T. H. Cooper, Half-Pay 56th Regiment Infantry, Author of a Practical Guide for the Light Infantry Officer. 3 Vols. 12mo. 18s. boards. Egerton, 1809.*

THIS is a very amusing, and we think that our young officers will find it, a very instructive compilation. The subjects are arranged in alphabetical order, in the form of a dictionary. They contain but little original matter; but enough to show that the author is a man of good sense and reflection;—while the extracts from other writers afford ample testimony to his extensive reading, to his care in digesting what he has read, and to his skill and discernment in selecting what others are likely to read with interest and improvement. The author does not appear to be unduly biassed in favour of any particular theory, but to have observed with sagacity, and to have studied with attention the recent improvements, in the military art. And one use, and that not the least, which the military student is likely to derive from the perusal of this work is, that it will probably incite him to have recourse for more enlarged, as well as more detailed views of some of the subjects, to the original au-

thors from whom the extracts are made. To those, who have only a small stock of military books, these volumes will be of great use; as they contain numerous quotations from the best writers on the most important objects of the military art, and to those who have a larger library, they will not be superfluous, as they present, in a small compass, a large quantity of matter, in a form in which it may be consulted without the necessity of long or tedious search. We shall quote what the author has extracted from a foreign journal respecting the French, under the head of character.

'The French soldiers are quick, and attack with incredible rapidity; they retreat with the same rapidity, return to the charge with no less impetuosity, and as quickly retire again. They retain during their retreat the greatest composure, and are not disheartened when they lose ground. The death of their officers produces no confusion among them. When the commanding officer falls, the next to him assumes the command, and so in succession. The inferior officers are almost all qualified to command.

'The French soldier is accustomed to live in a requisitionary country, sometimes as a prince, and sometimes as a *sans culotte*. To make him perform his duty well, uniformity in living is not required.

'A strong *esprit de corps* prevails among the French troops. In the beginning of the revolution, their bond of union was republican fanaticism, and at the conclusion of it *la grande nation*.

'Their infantry of the line cannot be compared with the Russian; their cavalry is very inferior to the Hungarian; and their artillery, once the best in Europe, is far from being equal to the Austrian. But their light infantry, or their *tirailleurs*, and their new tactics, confound all the principles of war which have prevailed since the time of Frederick the Great.

'Austria has scarcely any light infantry: Russia has about twenty thousand. In the French armies, nearly one third of the infantry are *tirailleurs*. These take their post before the troops of the line, separate into different bodies, unite again, attack, and after being ten times repulsed, will attack again. In a broken, intersected country, these *tirailleurs* prepare the way to the French for that victory which the infantry of the line complete. The incredible quickness of the French renders this corps the best of its kind in Europe.

'All the principles of the new French tactics are calculated for an intersected, broken country, as the old tactics were for large plains. The object of the former is to exhaust the enemy by incessant skirmishes, when he has the folly to repulse the light-heeled Frenchmen with his whole force. These small flying bodies suffer themselves to be driven back the whole day, and towards evening a fresh body appears, and decides the contest. A battle with the French may begin at sun-rise, but it will not be terminated before the evening. The French may be beat the whole day, but at night

they will be the victors. Every general who does not spare his strength till the evening, must in the end be defeated by the French.

'In consequence of the quickness and composure of the French soldiers, they do not readily think of capitulating; and they are able in a peculiar manner to extricate themselves from great dangers. We have seen instances where a thousand French soldiers, have contended the whole day with a much stronger body of the enemy, and disappeared at night like a vapour. This is done in the following manner:—the corps, when hard pressed, divides itself into two or three bodies, and while one occupies the attention of the enemy in an advantageous position, the other remains quiet at some distance. As soon as the first is driven back, they all run with incredible velocity, and in tolerable good order, to the place where the other is at rest. The second knows pretty exactly how long the first was able to make a stand, and rushes with the same impetuosity on the enemy, who find themselves suddenly checked by fresh troops, who also must be repulsed. In the mean time, the first body take some rest; and thus they continue to act the whole day with considerable loss of men, indeed, but when night puts an end to the battle, the corps, at any rate, has not been beaten, and next morning to follow it is useless. Moreau was pursued for some days in Switzerland by the Russians; but they were never able to come up with him in his flight. Towards evening he had taken a strong position, and next morning he had disappeared.

'But this activity must not be confounded with durable strength. The French are the lightest, but not the strongest soldiers.

'The medical establishment of the French army is excellent, and their officers, in general, exceedingly good.'

ART. 21.—*A Series of Letters to a Man of Property, on the Sale, Purchase, Lease, Settlement, and Devise of Estates.* By Edward Burtenshaw Sugden, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister at Law. 8vo. pp. 127. 5s. Harding. 1809.

THERE are few men of property, particularly country gentlemen, who will not find this a very useful work. The author has very clearly and definitely shewed the precautions to which it is of great importance to attend in selling, buying, settling, and devising estates. This he has done without more technical phraseology than the subject rendered absolutely necessary.

ART. 22.—*A Compendium of the Laws and Constitution of England.* By William Enfield, M. A. Assisted by eminent professional Gentlemen. 12mo. pp. 374. 4s. 6d. Tegg. 1809.

MUCH of the essence of Blackstone's Commentaries is condensed into this little volume, which it executed with neatness and precision.

ART. 23.—*A compendious Digest of the Statute Law, comprising the Substance and Effect of the most material Clauses in all the Public Acts of Parliament in force within Great Britain, from Magna Charta, in the*

ninth Year of King Henry III. to the Forty-eighth Year of his present Majesty King George III. inclusive. By Thomas Waller Williams, Esq. of the Inner Temple, Barrister at Law. 3 vols. 8vo. pp. 1060. Kearsley. 1089.

THIS is the third edition of a work which has been long out of print. The necessary alterations and additions have been supplied up to the present time. The title of the work sufficiently indicates its utility, and the promise which it holds forth is realised by the execution.

ART. 24.—*An Appendix to the Appeal to the Legislature and the Public, occasioned by the same Part of the Hints of a Barrister, on the Nature and Effect of Evangelical Preaching. By the Rev. Wm. Bengo Collyer, D. D.* 8vo. 1s. Williams and Co.

NOTHING can serve to show more conspicuously the weakness of a cause, than that no one man of sterling sense or sound judgment comes forward in its defence. Defences of evangelical preaching, have, indeed, been given to the public, in reply to the barrister, but they are so feeble and so flimsy, and mark such a total want of capacity, that they are absolutely worse than ineffectual, since they serve only to manifest the strength of the assailant, and to betray the defenceless condition of the party attacked. Doctor Collyer, mortified by his exposure and defeat, has here been indiscreet enough to publish an Appendix, which can only have the effect of exposing him still more. We have no doubt, but that he heartily regrets that he ever came forward; but the apology which he makes for retiring from the contest, is both insufficient and absurd.

'I imagine,' says the Doctor, 'that here on my part, the controversy will close. Any further notice taken of me, or of my pamphlet, in the spirit and language employed in the second part of the Hints will not merit a reply. When a man so far forgets the gentleman, as to affect contempt at the understanding of his antagonist, the public can expect, nay, they could tolerate only *silence* opposed to so gross a violation of decency.'

It is wise in the Doctor to *sheer off*, as the sailors say, with the best grace he is able. But we fear that even the *evangelical* party will attribute his future *silence* to the true cause. The author has made a vain attempt in the present *Appendix* to rescue himself from the charge of wilful misrepresentation in the instances of Mr. Toplady, and Mr. Burder; but the detection was too palpable for defence.

ART. 25.—*The Elements of English Education, containing, 1. An Introduction to English Grammar; 2. A Concise English Grammar; 3. A short System of Oratory; 4. An abridged History of England; 5. Outlines of Geography; 6. Miscellaneous prose Selections from approved Authors; 7. A miscellaneous Poetical Selection from the best Authors, intended for the Improvement of Youth of both Sexes.* By John Brown, Master of an Academy, Kingston, Surrey. 12mo. pp. 348. Crosby, 1809.

"*Multum in parvo*," or much in a small compass, is a species of encomium, which is well merited by the present publication.

ALPHABETICAL CATALOGUE,

Of Books published in July, 1809.

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List of Articles which, with many others, will appear in the next Number of the C.R.

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Banks's Baronage, Vol. III.

Letters from Portugal and Spain.

Wright's Horæ Ionica.

Middleton on the Greek Article.

Elton's Hesiod.

Jackson's Account of the Empire of Morocco.

Meadley's Life of Paley.